

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine
For All The Family*

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THE MAN WHO CONQUERS
IS THE ONE WHO MOVES
STEADILY·PERSISTENTLY·
EVERLASTINGLY TOWARD
HIS GOAL·UNMINDFUL
WHETHER THE GOAL IS
ALWAYS IN SIGHT OR NOT·
UNMINDFUL OF OBSTA-
CLES·OF DIFFICULTIES AND DISCOURAGING
CONDITIONS·HE MOVES FORWARD AS
COLUMBUS MOVED·EVEN IN THE FACE OF
MUTINY·“THIS DAY·” THE GREAT DIS-
COVERER WROTE·“WE SAILED WEST BE-
CAUSE IT WAS OUR COURSE”

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

The Thanksgiving number will be adorned with a new Historic Milestone Cover of unusual beauty and effectiveness. The picture is painted by Mr. William D. Eaton and represents the ship Columbia entering the great river with which it was to share its name. It is a marine remarkable for color, for sentiment and for fidelity to fact. Marking a great historic event, it will touch the imagination of every patriotic American but will be especially interesting to those of our readers who live in the great northwest.

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UNCONSCIOUSNESS

ONE of the most difficult problems that confronts the physician who is called to see an unconscious person—for example an unknown man picked up in the street—is to determine the cause of the unconsciousness. Yet it is important to know the cause if possible, since unless he knows it he may not be able to make a correct diagnosis of the case.

The most common causes of unconsciousness are: injuries to the head, apoplexy or brain disease, epilepsy, Bright's disease, diabetes, poisoning by opium or some other narcotic drug, alcoholism, sunstroke or heat stroke, heart disease, hysteria, or an infectious disease such as pneumonia or typhoid fever. Finally, the person may be malingering.

The skull should always be examined to see if there is any depression showing a fracture; when the fracture is at the base of the skull there may be bleeding from the ear—the only sign pointing to the injury. In apoplexy the cheeks will often flap with the breath, the mouth will be drawn to one side and the pupils will be unequal in size. The same symptoms may be present in cases of tumor of the brain. In meningitis the muscles of the neck may be stiff, and the patient will be feverish. In epilepsy the unconsciousness is usually preceded by more or less violent convulsions during which the patient may have bitten his tongue; possibly a scar will give evidence that he has bitten it in some previous attack. In the unconsciousness of Bright's disease or diabetes there is usually a peculiar sweetish odor to the breath, which is the result of the accompanying acidosis. In opium poisoning the pupils will be contracted to the size of pin points. In acute alcoholism the odor of alcohol will be nearly conclusive, though it is always possible that apoplexy or heart failure may be the cause and not the drink. In sultry weather the unconscious person may be suffering from sunstroke or heat stroke; if so, the skin will be very hot and dry in the case of sunstroke and clammy in the case of heat stroke. In cases of typhoid fever or other infectious disease there will be high fever and a rapid pulse. In heart failure the pulse will be weak and probably irregular. When the unconsciousness is hysterical it is seldom deep, though sometimes it simulates the profound coma of apoplexy. Anyone who is simply feigning unconsciousness can usually be made to show signs of feeling by pinching or pricking the skin.

These remarks, remember, apply to the diagnosis of unconsciousness in an unknown person picked up in the street; of course if the patient is known to have epilepsy, Bright's disease, diabetes, or any other of the diseases mentioned, it is not hard to determine the cause of unconsciousness.

WHY JOYCE DID NOT GO

AS Joyce turned from the telephone she met the gaze of a pair of direct gray eyes. She flushed angrily. If Con didn't stop being so everlastingly disapproving, their friendship would have to end!

"Joyce, what made you promise?" asked Connie. "You know you can't speak on the tenth; that's the night when you go to the I. O. Club."

"But something might happen so that I could get out of the I. O. Club," replied Joyce. "This is mighty important. I should think you'd realize that, Con, when it's for the endowment fund."

"Of course it's important; that's just the point. It isn't fair to the committee to let them think you'll come when you won't. It will just make them scramble round at the last moment to get anybody else."

Already Joyce's anger was melting away; one of the lovable things about her was the swift passing of her storms. "Well, then, you old New England conscience, you, I give up. They teased so that I couldn't refuse over the telephone, but I'll send a nice little reconsider

note this afternoon. Will that satisfy your high mightiness?"

But Connie shook her head. "That will be all right in this instance and for this particular committee, but it's you I'm thinking about, Joy, dear—you and the way you're wronging yourself by not being clear-through honest."

"Not honest!" The color flamed in Joyce's cheeks. "Isn't it true, dear?" Connie answered her thought. "Is it honest to promise to do what you know you can't do? Think how you failed Mrs. Clements and the City Club and those Community Centre people all within a month!"

"I think," Joyce replied coldly, "that it is entirely my affair."

Connie's eyes did change then; they took on a beautiful tenderness. "No, it isn't, dear. It can't be ever, no matter what you say, because, you see, I love you so that it is my affair too."

Joyce had no reply. She left the room, and for the next two weeks Connie did not see her. Then one day the blow fell. Ruth Sheira was elected delegate to the New York conference. Joyce had not for a moment doubted that she would be sent. No one in the club was considered as so brilliant a speaker. "Why?" she cried to herself passionately.

The telephone rang. Nell Grayson, one of Joyce's most ardent admirers, was calling. She fairly stammered with indignation. "I'm just so mad over it!" she cried. "Ruth Sheira instead of you! They said they wanted somebody they could depend on, that there would be so many important committee meetings and conferences. As if they couldn't depend on you!"

And then Joyce's better self spoke. "I got exactly what I deserved, Nell. And I think it will be worth more to me than the conference would have been."

SHORTENING SAIL EXPENSIVELY

CAPTAIN KILLMER of the good ship Othello, which sailed the seas sixty years ago, once hired a crew consisting mostly of students from a college in the interior of New York State. They were all intelligent young men of well-to-do families, writes Mrs. Phoebe Howland in the Adventures of Phoebe Allen, and Killmer and his officers treated them kindly.

While off Cape Horn the ship encountered a heavy gale accompanied by hail and snow; and after lying to for many hours under a close-reefed main-topsail the captain was obliged to take in even that sail. All the "boys" were safely stowed below in the forecabin when the mate went forward and sang out:

"Come on deck, all of you, and furl this main-topsail!"

Astonished after waiting a minute or so not to see the crew come up, the mate again went forward and shouted, "If you don't come on deck soon, this topsail will blow away."

"All right, Mr. Sherman," was the reply; "please tell the captain that we have decided to let the old topsail blow away. We'll pay for it!"

A GREEK GIRL'S EARRINGS

NOT so long ago particular women did not wear earrings; the thing "was not done." But fashion has danced round again, and now the earring is as common an article of jewelry as the bracelet. Few if any of the modern trinkets can surpass in taste and delicacy the earrings of Biote, the daughter of the famous Greek philosopher Aristotle, which were found in Chalcis, where the young woman was buried.

The ornaments, says the New York World, represented doves swinging in golden hoops. The miniature birds were marvelously wrought; the feathers were of granulated gold; the wings and breasts were enriched with bands of color supplied by inserted gems, and precious stones gleamed like tiny sparks for the eyes. Daintiest of all, the tail feathers were so finely made and curiously adjusted as to move at the slightest motion of the pendant loop, so that whenever the proud wearer tossed her head the two attendant doves seemed to balance themselves upon their perches as live birds balance themselves when swinging on a bough.

CATCHING THE UNWARY

THE mayor of a small town in Ohio, says the Argonaut, had six stout sons with whom he loved to parade the market place. They furnished him with the basis of a mathematical joke.

"A fine family you have," strangers would often say. "Is this the whole of it?"

"No," the mayor would reply, "I have two sisters at home for each one of them."

"What!" the visitor would exclaim, rapidly counting the sons. "Twelve daughters!"

"No indeed! Just two!"

JOHNNY'S DOG

"IS Johnny's new dog a setter or a pointer?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"He's neither," replied her neighbor. "He's an upsetter and a disappointment."



Millions of American women voted for President in 1920 and are finding time to take active interest in civic affairs.

The suffrage and the switch

Woman suffrage made the American woman the political equal of her man. The little switch which commands the great servant Electricity is making her workshop the equal of her man's.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

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THE STAMPEDE



By Edwin Cole

THAT had been an evil day for Jonesy. Troop X had gone out for extended order drill; their drill ground was the Arizona desert. The captain had sent the platoons away in charge of sergeants and had set out to climb a near-by hill where he could watch them and they could see or hear his signals.

The ascent had been honeycombed with arroyos, miniature cañons and up-thrown ledges. Connerton as guidon sergeant and Jonesy as bugler had followed the captain up the tortuous ascent.

Now Prince, Jonesy's mount, was no longer young. But, like many another dandy, he tried to conceal the fact with mincing step and high-held head. The troop admitted that on parade he "looked like a million dollars," but in that rough border country among the mountains he showed the infirmities of old age. So when the three riders, the captain ahead and guidon sergeant and bugler riding abreast behind him, came to a fissure wider and deeper than anything they had yet passed the captain's Border Boy sailed easily over, Connerton's mare followed without question, but Prince hesitated and was lost.

The captain did not look behind him. Connerton glanced back with a grin and rode on. Jonesy put old Prince savagely at the jump again, but without avail. Mount was wiser than master. Old Prince knew his limitations and kept within them. So Jonesy made a detour and, crossing lower down, caught up with the two others after an uncomfortable scramble up the rocky hillside.

Then there came an abrupt descent on a shoulder of the hill. The two other horses slipped down it like mountain sheep. But old Prince gave it one look and started back for safer ground. Again Jonesy was obliged to make a detour, and by the time he had got back to the trail the captain and Connerton were topping the brow of the hill.

The captain reined in his animal and stopped to gaze out over the seemingly infinite range of desert and mountain, mountain and desert, with here a thin line of cottonwoods marking the creek and there the white adobe walls of some ranch building. The view held his gaze for a time; then he picked up the platoons one after another, crawling like earthworms over the brown gray of the desert.

"Sound the rally and see which is the smartest, Jones," he said over his shoulder.

But Jonesy was not there to answer.

"Jones had trouble with his horse, sir," Connerton said meekly.

The captain turned impatiently in his saddle. "What's the matter with his horse?" he demanded.

"Couldn't make the

last pitch, sir," replied Connerton, who was really sorry for the little bugler.

"Pitch! What pitch? We haven't been over any ground that a child couldn't ride over bareback," said the captain, snorting.

And then Jonesy came in sight over the brow of the hill.

Now the captain, like every other member of the troop, was fond of Jonesy. But if he had been a sea captain, his motto would have been, "Obey orders if you break owners." The bugler's place was close behind his captain, and he was not there.

"What seems to be the trouble, Jones?" the captain demanded as the bugler rode up, flushed and worried.

"Prince seems a little lame forward this morning, sir," Jonesy said apologetically. "I had to favor him a bit, sir, on the hills."

"Ride your horse; don't let him ride you," the captain said bluntly.

"Yes, sir," Jonesy was glad to take the blame on his own shoulders.

"And if your horse won't stand the gaff, have the stable sergeant give you another," the captain added chillingly.

So Jonesy went about with a long face the rest of the day, for Connerton had spread the news, and the quips of his fellow troopers did not add to his comfort.

Old Prince was the pride of Jonesy's heart. The horse had been his constant companion since he had joined the troop, a raw "Johnnie" four years before. Prince

could "shake hands" and "play dead" and perform as many other tricks as a trained dog. But he had been middle-aged then, and now that in the brief life of man's noblest friend he was old Jonesy could not bear the thought of parting with him.

After evening mess he went down to the picket line with a lump of sugar for his pet. Old Prince whinnied and tossed his head. He nuzzled his little master affectionately and cast benevolent and kittenish eyes upon him so that poor Jonesy had tears in his own eyes when he turned away after a final pat.

The next day was Saturday and a day of rest for the troop after the drills and patrols of the week. Half of the men remained in camp, and the other half, each with a led horse, rode up the creek a mile or so to where a pasture of lush grass lay on either side of it—an oasis in the desert. There the men dismounted and scattered so that the animals might have their choice of the grazing spread out over the pasture.

Jonesy sat down beside the first sergeant, who was at once his best friend and worst tormentor.

"Got to have a new horse, Jones," the sergeant said. "Can't have you falling behind the captain."

"But, sarge," protested Jonesy with a wail in his voice, "Prince isn't a mountain goat!"

"He's got to be in this country," answered the first sergeant in grim jest. "Parlor tricks don't count down here."

The sergeant had let his horse's halter rope slip out of his hand. He reached for it now, and as he did so the animal lifted its

head and moved farther away. The sergeant got to his feet to catch him. Thereupon the animal was off with a snort and flourish of the heels.

Other troopers had been as careless as their sergeant, and the sergeant's horse started a small stampede. The animals foregathered by habit in column formation and raced about the pasture like so many colts.

Jonesy chuckled. "Old Prince doesn't run away anyhow," he said pointedly.

The first sergeant was irritable. He had given orders that the men were not to let their animals loose, and he himself had been the first to disobey it. "Run—no!" he exclaimed scornfully. "You couldn't drive old Rockinghorse away!"

"Oh, couldn't I?" answered Jonesy, whose pride was hurt. He unsnapped his halter rope and gave Prince a smart slap on the flank.

Surprised and indignant, the horse took a few steps and looked back reproachfully at his master.

"Ya!" exclaimed the sergeant. "What did I tell you?"

Angrily Jonesy snapped the halter rope at his pet again, and this time the animal broke into a run and joined the other horses. "How about that?" Jonesy demanded triumphantly.

The first sergeant grunted impatiently. "If I had ever suspected him of it, I wouldn't have let you do it," he answered moodily. "One more horse to catch now."

"Don't you worry about that," Jonesy retorted confidently. Then he put two fingers into his mouth and blew a short, shrill whistle.

Prince had joined the other animals and by some instinctive privilege of leadership was leading the column. At the sound of the whistle he threw his head up with a whinny, wheeled and, with the other horses following like so many sheep, bore down on the two soldiers.

Prince came prancing up to his master and stopped. The horses behind him stopped too and calmly went on with their grazing as if that had ended the prank.

"How about that?" Jonesy demanded of the first sergeant, as they secured their animals.

"Wouldn't happen again in a thousand years," was the retort.

"Try it over again and see!" challenged Jonesy confidently.

"I won't take any more chances," replied the first sergeant. "Hold on to your horses, you fellows, after this," he called to the men gruffly.

A few days later when the troop was getting ready to start out on an expedition along the border the captain said to him, "I want you to give Jones a real horse on this trip, sergeant."

The first sergeant thought of poor Jonesy. "Sorry, sir," he answered, "but with the sore backs and the flu there isn't a better horse to be had." Anyone but Jonesy might have thought that was stretching the truth.

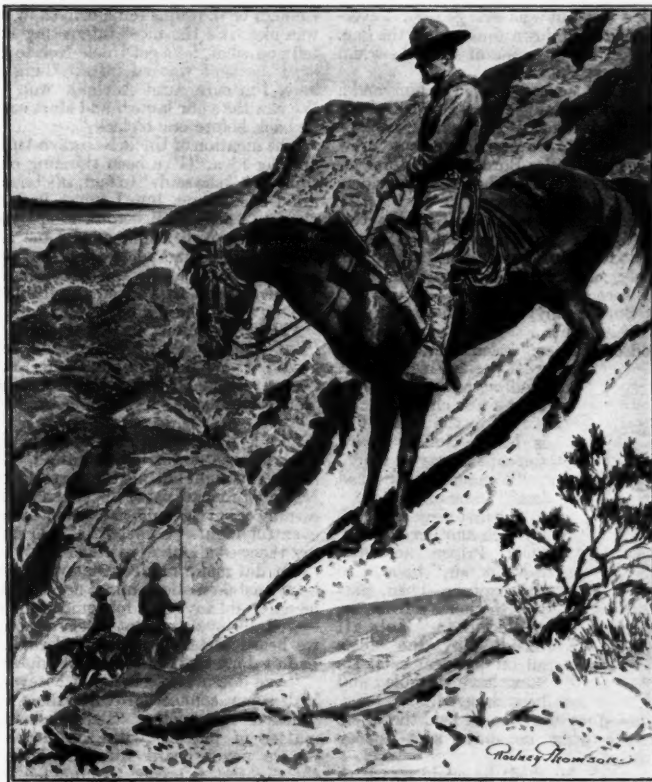
The captain looked his first sergeant over searchingly. "I'll let you off this time, sergeant, but next patrol Jonesy is to have a new horse, if you have to take one away from a sergeant to get it!"

"Very good, sir," the sergeant answered; he had done all he could for Jonesy.

There had been cattle stealing in the border mountains to the west by Mexicans from over the line. Two state rangers had gone down to stop it, and a band of raiders had shot at them; so they had discreetly come to the captain for help and were to guide the troop to the scene of trouble.

Following the rangers by night, the troop was well into the mountains over trails that without the rangers they would never have followed.

Old Prince gave it one look and started back for safer ground



Many of them hung between heaven and earth with but room for a single horse, and a slip meant a fall to unknown depths. But the rangers traveled no faster than a fast walk, and when they stopped for the night old Prince was in his place behind the captain. Tired as he was, Jonesy rubbed down the horse's slender forelegs and massaged his back before he ate his supper.

Camp was pitched in a cup-shaped valley made by the winding of a cañon. A picket line was stretched between two live-oaks; the "pup" tents were pitched, and the troop settled down for a night's rest. Then Jonesy, true to his custom, went out to say good-night to old Prince, who was tied beside the captain's Border Boy.

The captain's horse was the present of a rich uncle. He was the best in saddle horses that money could buy. A big white-faced bay, he was all fire and pride. He came from a line of "kings" and showed it in the way he held his head and in the stare of his bold eyes. He was the show animal of the troop. The ranchers had warned the captain to watch him, for the Mexicans were great lovers of good horse flesh, and the border was conveniently near. But the captain had only laughed. There were not half a dozen men in the troop that Border Boy would let approach him without showing heels or teeth. If the guard did not take care of him, he could take care of himself! And for some strange reason old Prince was the only horse in the troop with which the captain's mount could live in peace. Any other horse coming within the range of Border Boy's flying heels was sure to feel their weight. The two animals were tied at one end of the picket line in the shelter of one of the live oaks. Prince whinnied at the sound of his master's approach and looked expectantly in his direction.

"Good old boy," said Jonesy. "I'm proud of you. Who says you're getting old? You'll be going when some of these young ones have passed out!"

A chuckle came from behind the tree. "Rave on, Jonesy," said a voice. "There's only me and the other horses to hear." It was young Whitmore, one of the picket guard, whom Jonesy had not seen in the gloom.

Jonesy was taken aback for the moment, but he stood his ground. "Well, it's the truth anyway, and it won't hurt you to hear it," he retorted. "Old Prince has got more sense than any horse in the troop and some men."

"Uh-huh," answered the guard, "but it's legs a horse wants. His rider's supposed to furnish the brains." And he took up his beat.

"Supposed to is good!" Jonesy called after him.

He gave Prince some sugar that he had saved out of his allowance, patted him good night and returned to his tent. The heat of the day had gone, and a coolness was stealing into the valley. At one end of the line of tents the cook's fire was still burning brightly; a dozen troopers were sitting about it, telling yarns. Jonesy crawled into his tent. Since they were in the "enemy's country," there were no calls to be sounded. He wondered even that the captain allowed a fire. Then as he rolled up in his blanket he heard the first sergeant call, "Put out that fire and turn in, men!"

Sleep came quickly to soothe Jonesy's tired muscles. He squirmed about until his form had adjusted itself to the uneven ground, pulled his blanket half over his head and dropped off.

What awakened him he did not know. It was still dark outside and much colder. His tentmate was breathing heavily in sleep. The camp was silent. Off on the mountain side came the bark of a coyote; the wildness of it made Jonesy shiver. Then came the whinny of a horse, and Jonesy threw off his blanket and backed out of the tent, for it was Prince, and when Prince whinnied it meant that he had something to say.

The bugler had hardly got to his feet outside the tent when there came a shot from the direction of the picket line.

"Corporal of the guard! Armed party!" called the excited voice of young Whitmore. Then came another shot, another call of the guard, and the camp was in an uproar.

But it was orderly confusion. The captain appeared out of the darkness. "Sound To Arms, Jones!" he cried, catching sight of the bugler.

Jonesy sounded off with nervous lips, and the men came running up, rifles in hand.

"First platoon, follow me! Take charge of the rest of the troop, sergeant," the captain ordered and then ran in the direction of the picket line, with Jonesy and the first platoon at his heels.

Horses were snorting and men were shouting down there. "They've cut the picket line!" some one cried. And then came the growing thunder of hoofs as the animals stampeded.

The guard had arrived before the first platoon; they stood looking after the disappearing horses. Animals and picket line were both gone.

"Where's the picket guard?" demanded the captain angrily.

"Here, sir," answered Whitmore fearfully. "I didn't see a sign of them, captain. They must have sneaked up and cut the line. Then a few riders swooped down and drove the horses away."

"Don't stand there like gawks!" cried the captain. "They're bound to get in a tangle with that picket line trailing. Follow me!" And he ran in the direction the horses had taken.

Jonesy ran after him. His Prince gone! Some "greaser" beating him with a quirt down in Mexico! Half starving him too! And the captain's Border Boy! Then he stopped short and put his fingers to his mouth. The shrill whistle rose above the confusion of the excited camp. The high hills threw it back from one to another. Jonesy's soul was in that call. There was pleading in it, a reminder of all that master had been to mount, and mount to master.

And running madly up the valley, with all but the instinct of panic-stricken flight forgotten for the moment, old Prince heard it. Out of the strange cries behind and the thunder of pursuing feet it was the one friendly note, the one promise of peace in that confusion of fear. Prince cocked his ears and lagged. The captain's horse, snorting with fear and excitement, and the other horses, still fastened to the heavy cable of the picket line, dragged him on.

Then old Prince tried to turn, stumbled and pitched to the ground. He fought to get to his feet but was dragged on. Nevertheless he slowed down that end of the line. It was like the old game of snap-the-whip, with Prince as the anchor.

Strange words were shouted at him, and a quirt lashed his flanks. He struggled to his feet and whirled back from the line to escape from his tormentor. The movement drew the picket line under Border Boy's forefeet, and he too went down. Then the wild riders bolted away into darkness.

The line had ceased to tug at the two animals. Border Boy was on his feet again, still anxious to break free. Old Prince got up lamely, cocked his ears and whinnied. Friends were coming.

"It's Border Boy!" cried the captain in joyous excitement.

"Good old Prince!" cried Jonesy, and he was beside his mount, fondling him as if he had been a lost child.

"Why, the whole line is here!" Jonesy heard the captain say in relief.

"Wonder what stopped 'em?" some one asked.

The first sergeant came up with another platoon.

"Old Prince anchored the line, sir," he said to the captain. Then, patting the horse's flank, he exclaimed: "He's all blood! Why, the hide's all off his near side. He must have stumbled and been dragged."

"He heard my whistle and held the whole line, that's what he did!" said Jonesy indignantly.

The captain laughed; he could afford to be generous.

"I believe you are right, at that, Jones," he agreed. "Now, men, straighten out this mess."

So the troop did not lose its horses after all.

"If old Prince had been lucky enough to have had four good legs under him, we'd have had to walk home," the first sergeant was ungrateful enough to say to Jonesy

with a grin. The remark annoyed the bugler. "It was a question of brains, not legs!" he retorted with some heat.

The EDGE OF RAVEN POOL

Chapter Six. The conjure bag

AT the end of a week life had settled down at Wilmington Island much as if there had never been any Savannah house at all. Not that it was forgotten; in the heart of each the memory of it ached, but no one mentioned the subject. Miss Spencer, when she was not in the kitchen directing affairs, or consulting with fat Aunt Nancy and gloomy Aunt Charlotte,—for Mrs. Ralph Spencer supervised affairs in that quarter not at all,—sat on the veranda ostensibly reading a book but in reality gazing out unseeingly over the wide marshes to the ocean. The two girls were thus left almost wholly to their own devices. And so well did the outdoor life agree with Antoinette that in a week's time she grew to look almost as brown as Theo herself. Ralph Peyton came over frequently, and the three had many jolly hours together.

They had planned an expedition far up one of the creeks to another part of the island for a certain day, but on the night before Ralph came over in his motor boat to tell them that he could not accompany them, for his father needed him at home. So they agreed to postpone the expedition till another time. But when the girls had gone to bed that night Theo suddenly rose and exclaimed:

"It's a shame we can't get over there tomorrow! I had set my heart on it. I wanted you to see that beautiful old Sanborn plantation house that was burned during the war. Enough of the ruins remain to show what it was like. It's the most interesting thing! I tell you what, let's get Uncle Neb to go with us, if he isn't wanted for anything around here. I'm sure Aunt Adelaide won't mind. We can take our launch and start early and be back before one o'clock."

The mention of Uncle Neb gave Antoinette another idea. "I've been thinking of something too," she said. "In fact, it's been in my mind some time, but I never had a good chance to suggest it before. Don't you suppose Uncle Neb would have some recollections of the time when Alan Ravanel was round that might be worth hearing? Have you ever tried to find out anything about the man from him, Theo?"

"Never thought of it," declared Theo. "But that's a good scheme; glad you suggested it. We'll pump him tomorrow. Just leave it to me; I know how to manage it. You certainly do have some bright ideas, Tony."

"And, Theo," Antoinette added timidly, "has it—has it worried you at all, what we heard that night outside the closed-up room?" Not a word had passed between them concerning that peculiar episode since the eventful night. "Somehow it has upset all my theories about Alan Ravanel!"

"It did make me feel that we must have been mistaken about him," agreed Theo. "I haven't said anything, for somehow it seemed—well, disloyal to Aunt Adelaide; but what we heard certainly makes it seem as if he hadn't done right in some way, doesn't it?"

"And doesn't it seem as if whatever it was had some connection with that house?" pursued Antoinette. "Because until the matter of parting with the house came up we never heard Aunt Adelaide make the slightest reference to him. Isn't it singular?"

"Well, let's see what we can get out of Uncle Neb tomorrow," said Theo. "And now I'm going to sleep in earnest." And she turned over again on her pillow.

On consulting their elders next morning they found that no one objected to the expedition; and Uncle Neb was only too delighted at the prospect of a half holiday. So they set forth after an early breakfast,

Perhaps it was a little of both. At least the captain said no more about giving Jonesy a new mount.



DRAWINGS BY HAROLD SICHEL

By Augusta Huiell Seaman

chugging away up the sun-bathed creek with Uncle Neb at the wheel. His snow-white kinky hair gleamed in the sunlight, and his face was radiant.

"So yo' gwine to de old Sanborn place," he said. "I done reckonember right well when dat ol' place was burned by de Yanks. Dey come along down dis creek one dark night, an' word was passed to de Sanborn fam'ly dat dey was on de way. Dere was only de ladies and chilluns at de place, and dey was 'bout distracted, not knowin' what to do. But Marse Ralph—he was only a boy 'bout eighteen at de time—he done sent word over fo' dem to pack up an' come straight to our place. An' he sent me dere to fetch 'em with jes' a rowboat. An' when I got 'em in I had to skitter along close to de banks so's not to 'tract notice of de Yanks if dey should pass us. An' sho' nuff, dey did come right along, complainin' cos de night was so dark an' dey didn't know all de turnings. I jes' held de boat under an overhangin' branch close to de bank, an' one of de ladies fainted, and de odder was whisperin' prayers, an' de chilluns mussyfully didn't cry. And five boatloads of Yanks passed us and nebbes seed us at all, though one boat was so close de oars almost touched de side of ours. Hit sure was a close call. I got dem to our house all right, but dey had to stay dere a good long spell 'cause de Yanks burned dere place down dat night."

"Why, that was outrageous!" cried Antoinette indignantly. "Why should the Union soldiers have done such a thing?"

"I done heard afterwards dat hit was a mistake," went on Uncle Neb. "One of de Yanks done got sleepy an' tipped over a lamp on de floor. An' de carpets got afire, an' den de whole place went befo' anything could be done."

They all sat silent for a little while, but, as Uncle Neb seemed to be in a reminiscent mood, Theo said presently, "What strange times our family have seen down here! You must have lived through lots of exciting affairs, Uncle Neb. How was it after the war was over? Weren't there some queer doings in Savannah? Were you there much?"

"I was kep' down here most of de time," he replied, "but dey did sent me up to de big house in de city once in a while—mostly jes' on errands, an' I nebbes stayed long."

"Who was staying at the Savannah house at that time?" asked the wily Theo. "I know that Aunt Adelaide was a young woman and was running the house and taking care of Tony's mother, who was then a baby. Were there any others there? Did they have much company?"

"Yo' Aunt Adelaide sho' was runnin' de place," pursued the unsuspecting Uncle Neb, "an' she had an ol' lady livin' with her, her cousin, Libby Drew. Miss Libby was powerful deaf and goin' sort of blind too, but she was kind and helpful and sort of companionful to yo' Aunt Adelaide. Dey had a powerful lot of company too dem days—folks comin' and goin' jes' continual."

"Did you ever see or know any of the company they had?" continued Theo. "Who were some of them? I wonder if there'd be any names I'd recognize now."

Uncle Neb repeated a number of names, none of which appeared to be at all familiar to Theo. "I don't remember hearing any of those. I wonder if you ever saw or heard of



DRAWINGS BY RODNEY THOMPSON

an Alan Ravanel, Uncle Neb? I've heard of the name and wondered if you knew anything about him?" She spoke nonchalantly, though her heart was beating with excitement.

"Le's see! Marse Alan Ravanel?" Uncle Neb scratched his head with one hand. "Sho' 'nuff, I reckamember Marse Alan. I knew him better'n some of de odders 'cause he come down to de plantation once in a while an' went huntin' wid Marse Ralph. He done came down to Savannah first from de No'th on a visit to some friends of de Spencer fam'ly. Dey do say he wasn't a Yank, but come from France 'riginally. He sho' did talk like it too! Den he got 'quainted wid de Spencers and used to visit dem some an' come down here to hunt an' fish wid Marse Ralph. Dat's all I reckamember 'bout him."

The girls were delighted. "But what did he look like," persisted Theo.

"Was he very handsome?"

"He sho' was a right pretty man," replied Uncle Neb. "Black eyes an' black curly hair an' beard an' pretty manners too. He was de quality all right 'nuff. Marse Ralph was right fond of him."

The picture fascinated the girls, and they thanked their lucky stars that Uncle Neb's memory was proving so helpful. But now Theo was ready for the really crucial question; she put it hopefully. "What became of him, Uncle Neb? Does he ever come any more? Is he still alive?"

Uncle Neb shook his head. "No, I don't know nothin' 'bout what became of Marse Alan. He jes' didn't come no mo' after a while. 'Spouse he must have gone back up No'th. Nebber heard no mo' 'bout him. 'Pears like dat's de way wid some folks. Dey come along unexpected, an' yo' like 'em a heap, an' dey's good company, and den all of a sudden dey goes away, an' yo' don't nebber see dem no mo'."

A little while later they landed, and the girls went to explore the near-by ruins of a once stately Southern plantation home. Enough of it remained standing to give an idea of its beautiful lines. Looking in at the gaping windows, they could perceive the wonderful old marble fireplaces and the wide curve of a stairway that had once swept up from the central hall. The desolation and decay were at once depressing and fascinating; the girls could hardly tear themselves away from the sight.

While they were hesitating Uncle Neb came hurrying up from the bank of the creek and said that a terrific black cloud was gathering in the south and that a violent storm would overtake them if they did not make haste.

The day had become stifling hot, and as they raced down to the boat and clambered aboard the air seemed portentously still. A thunderous, copper-black cloud covered the southwest, and the rest of the sky was brassy.

"I don't like de looks of dis at all!" muttered Uncle Neb as they chugged away down the stream. "Dis ain't no or'nary thunderstorm. Looks mighty like one of dem West Indian hurricanes we get 'bout once in ten years or so. If we don't get to de house befo' hit breaks, I ain't goin' to answer fo' de consequences."

He bent over the wheel, and the two girls shuddered and clung together, too nervous to exchange a word. The brassy sky overhead grew brasser. Every bird and insect voice along the bank was hushed as if in expectancy, and the only sound that broke the stillness was the loud chug-chug of the motor as they slipped through the glassy water.

They were within half a mile of their own landing, when suddenly Theo pointed to the sky behind her and whispered hoarsely, "Look!"

In that direction the vast expanse of brassy sky had disappeared. The rack of coppery black cloud had toppled over and, streaked here and there with ragged wisps of white, covered the entire south. The air in their vicinity was still breathless, but far to

the south they could perceive tall trees bending and could hear a faint, indeterminate murmur.

Uncle Neb bent over the wheel and groaned. "Hit's coming! If I kin only git a speck nearer!"

The launch was tearing along at its utmost speed, but the murmur to the south was growing louder. Five hundred feet farther on Uncle Neb suddenly turned the boat's nose into the nearest bank and seized an overhanging branch. "Climb outen here—quick!" he shouted. "Lay right down on de ground and grab hold o' anything you kin grab!"

Valiantly he held the boat to the shore while the two girls scrambled out. Then tying the anchor rope to the branch, he himself clambered out. The three had only just time to throw themselves on their faces and cling with all their strength to the

"I'm not scared," replied Theo, "but I'm tired of lying here."

"You'll be tiredder befo' yo' is done!" they heard him answer.

And truly enough they were! Battered and bruised, sore and tense with an overwhelming weariness, Antoinette felt that if the wind kept up much longer, she should be forced to let go her hold and take what might come. Surely it was hours without number that they had been lying thus! As a matter of fact it was only about an hour and a half.

When her strength and courage were almost entirely exhausted and she was just about to whimper that she could hold on no longer she saw Uncle Neb suddenly raise his head and heard him shout, "Hit's a-lettin' up! Hol' on, chilluns, jes' a bit longer, an' sho' 'nuff we gwine ter crawl outen dis!" And, though she herself could perceive no



"Hol' on, chilluns, jes' a bit longer, an' sho' 'nuff we gwine ter crawl outen dis!"

nearest shrubs and bushes when the wind came roaring up the creek.

Never in her life will Antoinette forget the moments that followed. Even as she passed through them she realized that death was very near her. The impact of the wind battered her as she lay face downward, clutching at a tough shrub; sometimes it all but tore her loose from her hold. And she knew that she had only to loosen her hold once and all would be over with her. Lifting her head just a trifle, she saw the launch, wrenched loose from its mooring, go bowling over and over sidewise down the creek, skipping over the water like a mere chip; a shudder shook her from head to foot as she realized what would have happened had they remained in the craft. Wise Uncle Neb!

Before long she understood the significance of another wise move that he had made. In a slight lull of the blast she turned her head a bit to look about her, and she perceived that, rising above them in the direction from which the wind was coming, was an embankment perhaps three or four feet high. It broke the force of the wind like a low wall, and while they lay under its shelter they were comparatively safe—unless the wind should change its direction! It was that shelter which Uncle Neb had been aiming for in his last spurt.

Presently Theo raised her voice and shrieked, "How long will this last, Uncle Neb?"

"I can't tell," he shouted back. "Known 'em to last two-three days!"

"But have we got to stay here all that time?"

"Sho' 'nuff not!" he replied encouragingly. "Arter de fust big blow hit drops a bit gen'ally, an' den we kin crawl along mebbe an' reach de house bimeby. Don't yo' go an' git scart, Miss Theo!"

diminution in the storm, the mere prospect gave her new courage and strength.

Ten minutes later Uncle Neb's prediction proved true. The roar of wind and the cracking of branches were less loud, and the girls could raise their heads and look round them with some degree of comfort.

Uncle Neb sniffed the air like a well-trained bird dog. "Jes' a leetle bit longer, misses!" he said to them encouragingly. "Hit's mos' dropped enough fo' us to crawl home. De rain's coming pretty quick, but we won't mind dat jes' so long's we git home!"

And what a dash for shelter they made a few minutes later! Crawling, scrambling, diving into underbrush, running in the open, wading through marsh land, drenched to the skin with the downpour of rain and still battered by a wind such as Antoinette had never experienced before in her life, they came at last to the outmost boundary of the plantation. And there, clothed in dripping oilskins, grasping a tree near the edge of the creek and striving with anxious gaze to pierce through the gray curtain of rain up the stream, was—Ralph Peyton!

"Oh, glory!" he exclaimed at sight of the three dragged figures. "I didn't have a hope left that you'd get out of this alive!"

"But how came you here?" both girls exclaimed. "You said you couldn't come today."

"Father had to give up what he was planning to do," Ralph explained; "he didn't feel very well this morning. So I thought I'd just run over anyway and see if you girls wanted to go on that expedition after all. But I was too late; you'd gone off with Uncle Neb, they said. I was just about to jump into the boat and go back home when the hurricane loomed up. No use doing a thing then but take to the house. Your aunts are well scared about you, I can tell

you! I think they've about given you up for dead. The first blow took the front veranda and landed it clear over the roof and into the backyard! There's the dickens to pay up at the house—darkies all screaming and howling, and your mother, Theo, has hysterics. The only cool one appears to be Miss Adelaide. She's worried about you, but hardly says a word. Come along now; you'd better get there as quick as possible."

As they all scurried along together Ralph explained to the girls what other damage their home had suffered. The cowshed had been blown down, and a cow and calf had been blown into the creek and drowned. The garden was almost completely ruined. A tree near the house had come down and brought with it one of the chimneys. Worst of all, the marshes in front of the house were flooding, and there was possibility of the water's rising above the banks and undermining the foundations of the house. But so far no human being had suffered any injury at the Spencer plantation, though Ralph was gravely anxious about affairs at his own home.

They had just reached the first of the negro quarters when Uncle Neb sniffed the air again. "Hit's coming on for another big blow!" he declared. "Tain't safe even to try for de big house. Better turn into one of dese places an' wait fo' hit to git over."

"Well, what's the matter with Marm Debbie's then?" suggested Ralph. "It's made of brick. The others might blow away."

"No, no!" cried Uncle Neb in almost comical alarm. "Yo' doan catch dis chile in ole Marm Debbie's house. She done tried to conjure me once. I ain't goin' in dere, nebber no' mo'!"

"All right, Uncle Neb!" said Theo. "You run to your own cabin. We're going in here. And when this blow is over we'll scamper for the house." As she spoke she turned in at Marm Debbie's door. Antoinette and Ralph followed, and Uncle Neb hurried toward his own abode farther along in the quarter.

The girls and Ralph had no sooner entered and closed the door when another frightful blast shook the little hut till it rocked on its foundations. But now that they were safe within doors the tornado seemed not a quarter so terrible as when they had lain in the open and fought it in a hand to hand tussle for their lives.

But where was Marm Debbie? They stared round the one empty room. Theo even got down and peeped under the bed. "Queer that she isn't here!" she remarked. "However, I suppose she made a rush for the house. Wasn't she up there, Ralph?"

"No, she wasn't. The help came streaking in of course just before the blow came, but she wasn't among them. Miss Spencer said probably she knew her cabin was safe enough. She's lived through a number of these things."

"Maybe she went up after the first was over," suggested Theo. "You were out yourself then looking for us, so you wouldn't have seen her. That must be it of course."

Without giving the matter further thought they began to stare curiously about the little hut. It was immaculately clean and its meagre furnishings were all neatly arranged. Everything was as it always was, yet its one constant occupant was gone—a circumstance that, combined with the wild lashings of the storm, seemed to give the place an air of brooding mystery.

Ralph and Antoinette at the little window watched the wind bending great trees almost to the ground and the torrential downpour that seemed likely to cover everything. But Theo continued to roam round the room, glancing into all the dark corners. At the hearth where a few dead and blackened embers still remained she paused and pushed aside a half-burned log with her foot. Suddenly the two by the window heard her utter a cry.

"What is it?" they exclaimed, rushing over to where she was bending and pointing at some object in the ashes.

"Look at that!" she exclaimed in a hushed voice and, reaching in, plucked something from the ashes and held it up. "Oh, it's a conjure bag! Marm Debbie's conjure bag!" cried Antoinette. "Yes, it's the conjure bag!" agreed Theo. "She must have dropped it without realiz-

ing, probably when she hurried away. What luck! What incredible luck! Oh, if she'll only stay away long enough, we can find out what we've been longing to know!" And with trembling fingers she tore eagerly at the resisting strings.

TO BE CONTINUED

CINDERELLA APOLOGIZES

By Edna Tucker Muth

A PROMISING breeze from the south was moving Mrs. Struthers's kitchen curtains, and through the east window a broad path of sunshine led across blue and white linoleum and a deal table on which was a pyramid of rich brown cookies and into a cupboard bright with gold-band dishes and a pink luster tea set.

Young Tom Struthers, coming in at the back door, sniffed appreciatively. His grandmother was lifting a black bake sheet from the oven; her thin hands showed tense and capable upon a white holder. Her cheeks were pink from the warmth of the stove, and the moist air of the kitchen had curled her white hair round her ears in many silver tendrils. Her eyes were as bright and gray as Tom's own eyes or as the fresh print dress that she was wearing.

"Behold a clerk of the polls, grandma," he said, laughing. "Mr. Wentworth wants me for the delegate election tomorrow the same as last year. My election returns will about buy that Principles of Engineering I wanted. Please for a cookie!"

His grandmother laughed girlishly. "You may be of legal age for voting, Tommy, and a student at the university, but you're cookie age in the kitchen. You may have two and my congratulations. That engineering book is real pretty—all in red and gold with flexible covers. I priced it at the college book store."

Tom seated himself on one corner of the table. "Mr. Wentworth says he thinks the women here in the Park aren't going to turn out for their own delegate. It is likely Mrs. Ritchy, the first woman delegate ever put up, won't be sent to the convention. Last year the women didn't turn out, and neither did the men."

Mrs. Struthers looked up from her fresh pan of cookies. There was in those two Struthers faces a marked similarity, except that Tom's mouth and chin showed signs of a truculent spirit, whereas his grandmother's were sweet and a little tremulous.

"Well, Tommy, I plan to vote tomorrow of course," she said nervously, "but I don't know if I should if you weren't to be clerk of the polls. Delegate election doesn't seem so important—"

"But it is," Tom said sagely. "Mrs. Ritchy should be sent to the convention with Mr. Atwood. They both stand for good Senate nominees. If these Park women have any sense—"

"Oh, Tom, I can't bear to have you speak so about women! You always say a woman's place is in the—"

"Of course I wasn't personal, grandma. Don't blush! I still insist that your place is in the home, baking bushels of cookies for a clerk of the polls who is going to be late to his ten o'clock class. Give me another, and I'll start."

Mrs. Struthers held up two of the largest cookies, and as Tom took them from her he dropped a kiss upon each lined pink cheek. She followed him to the door and watched his brown head, straight shoulders and long legs disappear in the direction of the campus. As she turned back into the kitchen she looked toward the path of sunlight and imagined in it a little brown weathered cradle that had once stood under the east window. She remembered that she had not taken Tom's cradle to the attic until he was in kindergarten. How fast he had climbed from the grades to high school! How hard he had worked to put himself through high school and was now working to get through the university! Mrs. Struthers completed the cycle and brought Tom to the present moment by saying to herself: "My, I'm glad of that election job once in a while. I wasn't sure how he was going to get that engineering book he wanted."

At lunch time Tom was quieter than usual, and at four o'clock he came in shaking with a chill. By six o'clock Mrs. Struthers tucked an extra yellow and white star quilt about him, and he didn't say anything about the election of delegates. The next morning as his grandmother stood at the foot of the stairs, trying

office all day and write. You folks are too—too diffusive. Grandma, will you telephone Mr. Wentworth—"

"Yes, yes, Tommy! I'm going!"

A few moments later when Mrs. Struthers again mounted the stairs she was breathing quickly; and she went into her own room and took some things from her closet before she went back to Tom.

"Well?" he asked shortly.

"Well, I'm going down to to see Mr. Wentworth personally. He wasn't in his office, and I've got to go out today anyhow. Sarah Ann Ashley will sit with you while I'm gone."

Tom thrashed about in his bed prodigiously as his grandmother hurried into her own room. She dressed in haste, pinning her thread lace collar with a gold stone brooch, putting on the lavender hat that was the nearest approach to a bonnet that the milliners would offer, tucking her tatting handkerchief into the belt of her pleated taffeta skirt.

"What would you say, Tommy, if I should go right on to some doings and leave



DRAWN BY HANSON BOOTH

"Behold a clerk of the polls, grandma," he said, laughing

to listen to Doctor Mason, who was leaving, Tom revived interest in the polls.

"Just a light case of grip. Keep him in bed for two days or so. Give him—"

"Grandma! O grandma! Won't you run right out and telephone Mr. Wentworth to swear in another clerk?"

"Keep him warm and quiet and give him—"

"Grandma! Are you paying attention? Run over to Sarah Ann—"

"Yes, yes, Tommy! Doctor, I can keep him warm, but the President himself couldn't keep him quiet. What shall I give him?"

"Grandma! Grandma,—"

"Yes, yes, Tommy! Yes, doctor! Good land, Tom, you screech like a spoiled baby. Wait till I get the doctor's orders and I'll take yours. Good-by, Doctor Mason! Yes, yes, dear, I'm coming right up! What's this I must do about election?"

"Grandma, you can't expect a busy man to drop everything at a moment's notice and run to clerk at the polls. Telephone Mr. Wentworth to get somebody. You can't expect—"

"No, I don't expect," grandma replied mildly, "but if Mr. Wentworth can't get a busy man maybe he can get a busy woman. I always said there should be a woman at the voting place. Now, the way you and Ed Rogers sometimes handle the foreigners—"

"Just like a woman!" Tom growled, sending billows of yellow and white raging toward the footboard. "Mr. Wentworth wants a man. There isn't a woman in the Park would sit around Bob Ming's dusty

you with Sarah Ann Ashley? You can't eat anything and—"

"Go to the Aid! Go anywhere, but go to Mr. Wentworth first. Women are so diffusive."

"O Tommy, I can't bear to have you talk that way about women—"

"I didn't say a thing about women."

"But diffusive, dear; I don't like the word—"

"Well, it's the way you were made, I suppose. Now a man has to keep his mind on the main issue—"

"Don't shout so, Tommy. I don't want Sarah Ann Ashley to hear. You'll feel better tomorrow. I'm going. Good-by, dear!"

"Don't forget to vote. Grandma,—"

But Mrs. Struthers was tripping down the front walk, saying to herself, "He's only going on twenty-two and got the grip; that's one consolation." On her lips the remark was extenuating, but as she walked through the pretty Park suburb to Bob Ming's office in the Northland Foundry she could not help remembering that she had been obliged to keep her eyes on a main issue for all of the twenty-one and a half years of Tom's life. He had been only two months old when his mother had died, and his father had died six weeks before Tom's birth. His father had been Mrs. Struthers's only son. "And, oh, Tom's a comfort to me except at election time or when he has the grip," she thought loyally as she walked into the voting place under the American flag.

Through the open door she could see the long oilcloth-covered table with the gray ballot box on one end of it. Stout, smiling

Mr. Wentworth and sandy-haired Ed Rogers were settling the chairs for the other judges and the new clerk. Three booths were set up opposite the table, and candle light shone under the curtain of each. Mrs. Struthers hung her coat in the outside office over a bench littered with odd castings.

"I feel just like Cinderella," she said briskly. "Tom doesn't know I'm here. He thinks I'm at the Aid. I hope I won't get in your way, Mr. Wentworth. Ed, I'll just watch you and learn so." She sat down by the window and opened the new register. Her right hand did not tremble as she held it up and repeated the words of the oath after Mr. Wentworth. Her eyes twinkled as Ed showed her the long columns.

"You won't do a thing but copy what I've written," he assured her, "and there won't be more than fifty names. People don't turn out for a delegate election. Here comes our first customer."

"Why, I know him," Mrs. Struthers whispered. He was a straight, fine-featured old man with long white moustaches.

"William T. Marks. I live at 133 Sharon Street," he said firmly. He looked toward the pile of ballots in front of Mr. Wentworth, but Ed was not through with Mr. Marks. "Where were you born?" asked Ed curtly.

"I can't hear very good. What was it?" "Where were you born?" Ed repeated, knitting his brows exactly as Tom would have done in his place.

"I didn't get it. What?" the old man faltered, turning his head on one side. His eyes flashed under his rough brows, but his lips were tremulous.

Ed half rose and shouted fiercely.

Mrs. Struthers put up her hand and nodded to the voter. "There, there, Ed," she said, "I know all about him. He was born in Texas. He told me about the Alamo. He's lived in Minnesota three years and up here six months. He works for the lumber yard."

Even her warming smile and shouldering of the responsibilities had no power to remove the hurt look in the old man's eyes, and he bumped into the frail partition of the booth and almost demolished it as he hurried out.

While Mrs. Struthers was writing she laid her plans for a change in the position of her chair. Later on she said to Ed Rogers, "You young folks like lots of air. How would it be for you to take this place at the window?"

"I wouldn't mind a bit, only you'll have to ask all the questions. Folks always come to the end of the table."

"That's all right," replied Mrs. Struthers. "I like to talk. All women do."

"I guess that's so," said Ed cheerfully; exactly as Tom would have done.

Mrs. Struthers's voice was pleasant and business-like as she questioned the next voter. "Where were you born? State or country?"

"Michigan," he replied gruffly.

"Michigan, well, well," she repeated as she and Ed transcribed the name.

The Michigan man voted and came back to the end of the table. "It's a fine state, Michigan," he said. "I've been away from there forty years. I only get to mention it at election time."

"I was born there too—Union City, Branch County. It's a lovely place," Mrs. Struthers spoke eagerly.

"Well, I declare! My wife was from Sherwood. Her sister too; she lives with us. I'll send them up. They weren't intending to come this time, but—"

He withdrew before a tide of voters, and Mrs. Struthers's capable old hand moved across the wide page many times. Almost everyone stopped at the table for a friendly word after they had voted. Even Steve Novak came back and stood awkwardly twisting his cap as he explained, "I said I was born in Bohemia, but they call it Czechoslovakia maybe."

"I wrote it Bohemia," Mrs. Struthers said comfortably. "It's easier to spell. How's your wife?"

Steve smiled broadly. "She all right. Julia tol' me you talk at the store. She not speak English so good like me. She a-scared to come up for voting. I say you here; maybe she come."

From that hour Mr. Wentworth observed a steady gain in the voting. It kept up until six o'clock, when Mrs. Struthers went home for supper.

"Lots better, Tommy?" she inquired.

Tom opened his eyes and drowsily grumbled: "Some. Did you vote? Did Mr.

Wentworth have any trouble with the new clerk?"

"Yes, I voted, and he didn't have any trouble. Tommy, I've got to go out for a short while again."

Tom was too sleepy to mind. "Whoever said your place was in the home was mistaken," he muttered.

At seven o'clock Mrs. Struthers appeared at the polls, carrying a covered basket. She took from it five gold-band cups and saucers and a pink luster teapot. There were molasses cookies in a covered casserole.

"There won't be many in for an hour most likely," she said. "Help yourself, Ed. Mr. Wentworth, one lump or two?"

"Well, Mrs. Struthers, if they don't hit the spot!" exclaimed Mr. Wentworth. "Did you do any electioneering while you were out?"

"Who? Me?" gasped Mrs. Struthers. "I don't know how. I wish I did. There were two or three ladies in at the drug store. They asked me if Mrs. Ritchy was all right, and I said I was going to vote for her—her and Mr. Atwood. The druggist's wife said she thought she would too, and a few others joined in. Most of the neighbors are coming up, and I wouldn't be surprised if a lot of those Bohemians came from across the track after supper."

"Well, let's dust up!" said Ed, seizing Bob Ming's duster. "What makes you

think the rest of the precinct will be in, Mrs. Struthers?"

"Well, for one thing Sophia Demko said she would walk her husband up after supper, no matter how tired he let on to be, and others will follow them. Mostly I've made the acquaintance of those folks at the store. They're real interesting, and I've exchanged receipts for jellies and so on."

As Mrs. Struthers had predicted, there was a rush after seven o'clock. An hour before closing the polls Ed shut the window and offered to change places with Mrs. Struthers, but she was contented where she was and said so. Her hand grew a trifle unsteady and her voice not quite so prompt, but her tone was as friendly and her smile as warm for Tony Jurziack, who came at the last second, as it had been for the Michigan man in the morning. At nine o'clock the polls closed, and Mr. Wentworth drove Mrs. Struthers home in his car.

"Cinderella is just getting home from the party," she said and laughed as she hopped out and ran up the front steps. "Tom doesn't mistrust a thing."

"Lots better, Tommy?" she asked once more as she shook his pillow.

"Lots better, grandma. How about election? Did you hear?"

"It went solid for Mrs. Ritchy and Mr. Atwood. Solid!" she repeated firmly.

Three days later on a warm bright day

Mrs. Struthers, coming home from the city market, saw Mr. Wentworth's car at the gate. He and Tom were standing on the veranda, and she waved to them as she approached.

"I was just telling Tom that we found Cinderella's tating handkerchief at the polls," Mr. Wentworth said, and his eyes twinkled.

"Oh, I didn't want Tom to know about it yet! I thought I told you and Ed that day—"

"I haven't told Tom a thing, but you will if you keep on," Mr. Wentworth said hastily, and then he saw by Tom's reddening cheeks and his grandmother's confused smile that the time was ripe for a display of diplomacy. He laughed easily and continued: "Tom, I came over to see if your grandmother would serve as election judge in Prince's place. We need a woman on the board."

"Grandma, what did you do last Tuesday?"

"Well, Tom," interposed Mr. Wentworth, "I swore her in as clerk in your place, and she brought out the whole precinct without any exertion on her part. Everyone heard she was in that noisy foundry and came up to see for themselves. The women and a majority of the men voted for Mrs. Ritchy because your grandmother's presence was a silent and suggestive support. The Bohemians may have cast a ballot for one who

stood a chance of being as polite as Mrs. Struthers. We men have been a bit gruff with the stupid ones."

Tom's flush of embarrassment gave place to a look of pride not untouched with tenderness.

"We need your grandmother on the board, Tom! Men are all right, but women are more—more—"

"Diffusive," Mrs. Struthers supplied demurely.

"Yes, that's the word! That's just it. Mrs. Struthers's influence was diffusive and cumulative. We need her. Here's your handkerchief, Cinderella!"

After Mr. Wentworth had gone Tom stood for some time turning the doorknob. Finally he went into the kitchen and spoke to his grandmother, who was paring potatoes under the east window. "A fellow with the grip isn't just himself, grandma. I said some things I'd like to take back. I owe you an apology."

"You don't owe me an apology any more than I owe you one," Mrs. Struthers replied gallantly. "I was so ashamed when Mr. Wentworth said I saved the day for Mrs. Ritchy—just as if I went there to clerk on purpose to help her out! I never did, Tommy. I asked for your job for a purely selfish and personal reason. I wanted to buy your Principles of Engineering. It's up on your desk, when you feel able to study."



SWAMP CATS *By* Leon W. Dean



"LISTEN!" Mr. Wardwell raised his hand. The others at the supper table, the boy and the girl and their mother, paused; the hum of voices abruptly ceased. As they all listened they heard a commotion from the direction of the henhouse.

"He's there all right," said the man. Getting up, he opened a closet door and took out a rifle. "May I go too?" asked Frank Wardwell.

"One's enough, I guess," replied his father and went out into the night.

Waiting expectantly, they listened for the report of the gun, but the big clock in the corner ticked away the minutes, and it did not come. After what seemed a long while a step sounded on the porch; the door opened, and Mr. Wardwell entered.

"Got away again," he replied briefly to their questions. "He's a slick one!"

From some distance off in the night there came a wild, dismal caterwauling.

"Listen to that!" he exclaimed angrily. "Got the nerve to laugh at us!"

It was the season of the early darkness and early shadows that set wild things prowling. For some time wildcats had been bothering the Wardwell home, and at last Mr. Wardwell had declared war. But his efforts to check their depredations had met with little success. Like most wild creatures that have had their wits sharpened by a struggle for existence against human beings, the wildcats knew pretty well how to take care of themselves.

"Do you suppose there's only one of them?" asked Frank.

"That hangs round here, you mean? I don't know. What I think is that they are over in the swamp, a whole family of them probably."

Frank nodded. "I saw some tracks there the other day on the way to school," he said.

"You did?" Mrs. Wardwell looked at her

husband. "Do you know," she said, "I'm almost afraid to have Frank and Lillian go through that swamp."

Mr. Wardwell was thoughtful. The swamp was one of the last refuges for wild animals in the vicinity. Smaller game was there in abundance, and even some of the large fur-bearers frequented it. Frank and Lillian had just entered high school in a town several miles away; by going through the swamp they could shorten the distance to and from school a good deal.

"I don't believe there is any danger," the father said at last. "Even if they should meet a cat, which isn't likely, I can hardly conceive of its touching them. Wild animals give man a pretty wide berth, though I'll admit cats are about as uncertain as any of them. It's a long hike around by the road, mother."

"I know," she answered. "I suppose I'm just foolish, but these creatures seem terribly bold."

"They do," agreed her husband. "What do you think about it, youngsters?"

"Shucks," scoffed Frank, "they wouldn't touch anyone! I'm not afraid!"

"I'm not afraid if Frank isn't," said Lillian.

The next day, as on the days before, the two went by way of the swamp. Trees grew densely there, and it was a gloomy place.

"You don't suppose there really is any danger, do you?" asked Lillian as they found themselves within the tangled labyrinth of its dusky borders.

"Not unless you step in a mud hole," answered her brother.

"If I do, will you pull me out?"

"You bet I will! Whatever happens, I'll pull you out, Lillian."

Each knew that in the mind of the other was the thought of wildcats rather than of mud holes, but neither said any more about the matter. Indeed the way, though it was not perilously bad, demanded pretty much all of their attention. They saw nothing of the cats except old tracks. Nor did they meet anything alarming on their way back that



evening. So short were the afternoons and so long the way home that it usually began to grow dark before they could get through the swamp.

As the days passed and nothing happened they quite forgot the uneasiness that the family discussion had aroused. As they came and went other matters than wildcats formed the subject of their talk. So when trouble actually did arrive they were not expecting it at all.

Frank, who was leading the way in the darkness, suddenly stopped. Through the dusk and rank growth of the swamp he thought he had caught sight of something that moved. Not being sure, he took a step forward. A warning growl greeted the movement. He stopped again; his heart was in his mouth.

"O Frank!" breathed Lillian just behind him. "It's a wildcat!"

They could see the creature now; it was crouched low in the path. Under its forepaw was something, perhaps a rabbit, that it seemed to be guarding.

"Frank," whispered his sister as the growls of the wildcat grew more threatening, "what are we going to do?"

Frank did not answer. They would have to go either backward or forward; so thick was the growth, they could not go to one side or the other. To go forward was not at all inviting; the cat might break and run, or it might not. The creature had food, and animals are inclined to fight for their food. Moreover, a wildcat's temper is uncertain; when roused it will sometimes take a blind chance in order to satisfy its rage that even a larger animal would not take.

The growls were rising and falling and rising again, always, it seemed, attaining a higher pitch of fury till the swamp echoed, shrilly with the horrible yowling. In the semidarkness the sounds were bloodcurdling, enough to strike fear to older hearts. Yet the boy did not like to "back down."

"You better go back," he whispered.

But Lillian did not move. It was a long way back out of the swamp and round by the road home. Darkness, almost complete under the trees, would catch them before they could get out, and it was no fun being in the swamp after dark.

"Throw something at him," Lillian whispered.

Frank had the same thought in mind.

Stooping, he picked up a stick by his feet. As his arm went back and shot forward he yelled. The stick struck the snarling cat full in the face. The creature half rose in the air to meet it and the next instant with a savage scream sprang at the boy.

The suddenness of the attack took him off his guard. All that saved him perhaps was the fact that the distance between him and the cat was so great that the cat required two bounds to reach him. The second was not a long one, but the boy had gained a moment's respite. Instinctively he took a step backward and with his sister's cry of warning ringing in his ears swung his book strap with the four or five books that he was carrying home compactly bound at the end of it. It struck the leaping cat in mid-spring and knocked it sidewise to earth, but so swift was its rebound that he had no time to swing again.

A blow from the boy's fist partly blocked the creature, but the raking claws shredded his coat sleeve as he struck, and then it was hand to fang. The clawing cat tore through his garments with tooth and nail, and Frank was fighting desperately for little short of his life. The school books fell to the trail, and he himself almost went down. With his fingers clutched at the creature's throat, gripping at its forelegs and shoulders, he forced it back as it struggled to claw in closer and higher upon him. He did not notice his sister as she caught up the books and loosened the strap, for he was too busy. The squirming, squalling creature with its raking hindlegs, its searching fangs and twisting body was all but proving too much for him. His wounds increased as if by magic. Once with a great effort he flung the animal off, and its hindquarters slumped into the mud partly off the trail, but with the next breath it was back and at him again.

"Hold him!" gasped his sister.

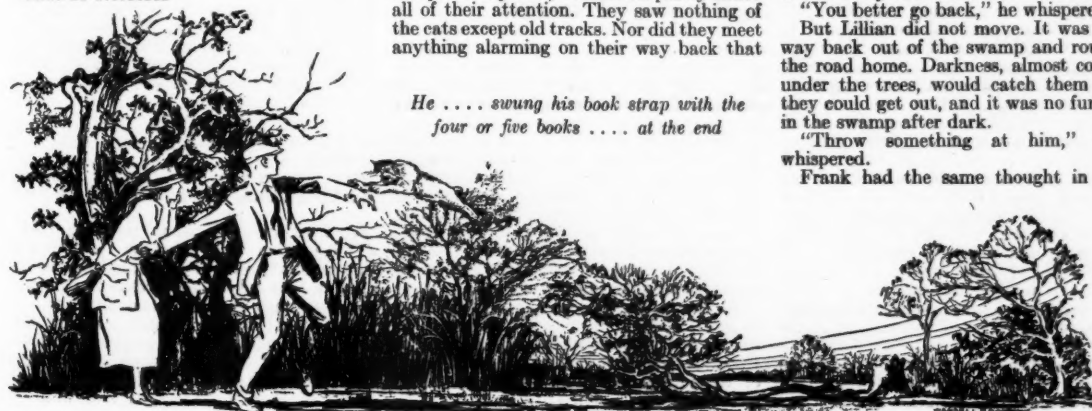
Without knowing just why, Frank closed his fingers round the battling beast and held it in a grasp that it could not break. In that instant the girl slipped the noose of the book strap over its head and pulled it taut. As she tugged backward the animal, which had almost dragged loose, would have turned upon her, but the boy himself seized the strap and swung the creature into the air. As it swung he let go his hold, and it went hurtling into the swamp.

A wildcat does not weigh much. Propelled at the end of the strap by muscles keyed to the highest pitch of endeavor, the creature went flying up against a tree a few feet distant; its still clawing form wound itself round it as it struck. Hurt by the violence of the impact, it tumbled to earth in the bog.

The boy and girl did not wait to see how it fared, but set out on a run for home.

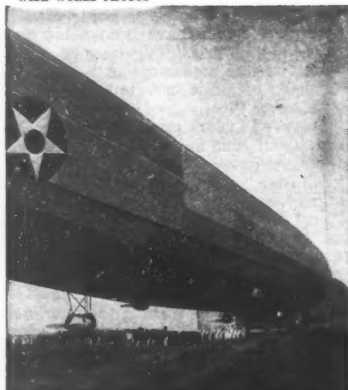
When they visited the spot with their father the next day there were plenty of evidences of the struggle, but no sign either of cat or of strap. Nor did any wildcats ever molest them on the farm again.

DRAWN BY W. F. DODGE



He . . . swung his book strap with the four or five books . . . at the end

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



U. S. S. Shenandoah, formerly the ZR-1
Compare the ship with the men
below her

FACT AND COMMENT

THE DARKEST DAY in winter may produce the whitest snow.

Bookshelves are best scarce higher than your head,
And Books should look as if they had been read.

TO GET WEALTH men give themselves much more trouble than doing without it would ever cause them.

AT THE RECENT "superpower" conference in New York the Secretary of Commerce epitomized in one sentence the thought of the assembled engineers: "Every water horse power that runs to waste is a burden on man power." It was the opinion of the conference that on an investment of a billion and a quarter dollars eleven north-eastern states could save half a billion dollars a year to their manufacturers.

FROM THE LAURENTIC, which was torpedoed in shallow water off the Irish coast during the war, the British government has recovered \$32,500,000 worth of bullion. The success of the undertaking has raised hopes that other ships, sunk in deeper water, will also yield their treasures. Approximately sixteen hundred ships were sunk by submarines, most of them near the coasts of Britain and France, in water perhaps one hundred feet deep.

WHEN THE RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS were first offered some people feared that the American students who won them would become Anglicized by their life abroad. That they have not turned English is plain, and now many American boys besides Rhodes scholars go to England for a year or two of graduate work. The London Times estimates that there are now five hundred Americans in British universities. Nearly two hundred students from the British Isles are studying in the United States.

BY MARKING the approaches to the main thoroughfares with the sign, "Arterial Highway," Wisconsin compels its motorists to avoid "right of way" misunderstandings at crossroads. Every motorist confronted with that sign must come to a full stop and then cross or swing into the arterial highway on low gear. It makes no difference whether he approaches the arterial highway from right or from left, or whether an unobstructed view shows him that nothing is coming in either direction: he must obey the rule or pay a heavy fine.

A CABLE REPAIR SHIP near St. Helena recently reported that the cable at a point marked on the chart as 2,700 fathoms deep, or a little more than three miles, was in fact only a little more than three-quarters of a mile down. The obvious explanation is that the chart, made when the cable was laid in 1899, is wrong; but some men of science hold that the bed of the ocean is constantly changing, that it rises in one place and falls in another. They believe that that is the reason for the frequent sudden appearance of islands and shoals in the southern oceans.

UNDER PROVISIONS of the treaty to limit armaments the United States Navy is selling for junk more than 800,000 tons of naval vessels. The usual method of demolishing a ship of that kind is to moor it in a dock, strip the upper works and take out the machinery, then attack the plates

with electric or oxyacetylene cutting torches and work down as close to the water line as possible. The rest of the hull is then towed at high tide to some beach where at low tide another row of plates is removed. The process is repeated at each tide until nothing but the keel remains.

GERMANIA IN EXTREMIS

IF the German Empire, one of the great political achievements of the nineteenth century, goes to pieces through civil war and revolution, if the German people are called upon to go through such suffering and despair as they knew during the Thirty Years War, it will not be because the German army was beaten in 1918, but because German statesmen and German business leaders have conducted themselves with unscrupulous greed since 1918. Instead of facing the situation frankly and setting themselves to pay the cost of defeat and meanwhile to keep alive the patriotism and the solidarity of the people, the rulers of Germany tried to avoid payment by deliberately wrecking the currency and the financial system of the nation, hoping that the Allies, whose divergent interests as regards Germany they understood very well, could meanwhile be got into a quarrel under cover of which Germany could escape making any payment at all.

They must have known that, even if their plans succeeded, a great part of the German nation would be ruined. Inflation, even the comparatively moderate inflation of 1919, 1920 and 1921, reduced to beggary and semistarvation the great middle class—the salaried workers, the small tradesmen, the professional, scientific and literary people and those who lived wholly or in part on invested capital. Today it is actual starvation and extinction that they face. If, on the other hand, the plans of the politicians failed and they found that they could not evade reparations, the working classes also would be ruined, and there might be revolution. It was a desperate game, and no really sound or patriotic statesmen would have thought of playing it.

Meanwhile the "big business" men of Germany have taken the most selfish advantage of the situation. They sold abroad and banked their money abroad; they borrowed to enlarge their plants and paid off their debts in depreciated marks; and finally they persuaded the government to support the "passive resisters" of the Ruhr and to permit the great industrial men to pay their workmen in money that they themselves had printed, and that, having nothing behind it, had cost them nothing and was worth nothing. In all those ways they got possession of every bit of real wealth in Germany except the agricultural land. A few people now own all the coal, all the ships, all the banks, all the newspapers, all the factories, all the great hotels, of Germany. If the nation could have passed through the international bankruptcy court and got off without having to pay, Stinnes, Thyssen and a few others would have become incredibly rich.

But the French have brought it about that, if Germany remains united, it must pay. The question now is, who is to furnish the money? The industrial leaders mean to squeeze it out of the workers by lowering wages and increasing the hours of labor; they do not mean to supply it themselves through taxation. But the working people, who were kept quiet by wages that were nominally good while the middle classes were stripped, now begin to see that it is they that are to be exploited next. They still hate the French, but they are beginning to hate their employers still more. They will demand that their wages be maintained, that the reparations be paid out of taxes and a levy on capital. Unless the industrial leaders have somehow lost their grip on the Berlin government that will never happen.

The stuff of which revolutions are made is here. The different classes in Germany are angry and resentful toward one another. Patriotic sentiment has vanished in the consciousness that with the consent of the government the rich and powerful have coolly exploited and robbed the nation. Germany is reaping the harvest of a dishonest and underhanded political and financial policy and of greed and unscrupulousness in high places.

Stinnes and his friends would no doubt be indignant at being charged with utter lack of patriotism. They would say that their

aim was to deliver Germany from a burdensome war debt and to organize German industry in a way to undersell and therefore to command the world market. But even if it were that aim, and not their own advantage, which they hoped to attain from the ruin of so many of their fellow citizens, they have sinned in this: they have thought of Germany not as a nation—a political and social organism made up of living, feeling, human beings—but as a great industrial machine, a mere contrivance for piling up wealth, of which they as managers were to have the lion's share. They have not succeeded, and they have maimed if they have not killed the soul of the German people.

CONCENTRATION AND OBSERVATION

THE boy is constantly being urged by his parents and his teachers to cultivate his power of concentration. He is warned that inability to concentrate means failure in life. And then perhaps when he is trying to take to heart that admonition some one will confuse his mind by criticizing him for his lack of observation. "How little you see when you go anywhere! Don't you keep your eyes open? Try to notice things and remember them."

The boy feels that, if he goes about wrapped in thought,—as surely the advice to cultivate power of concentration must encourage him to do,—he cannot observe all the numerous objects that may well present themselves to the eyes of the unthinking. But in a well-balanced life there are times for concentrated thought, when the mind is active and the senses are dormant, and times for giving the senses free play and the mind a rest.

Observation is an important part of recreation; concentration is an important element in work. Many persons allow themselves often to fall into an absorption of mind that permits them neither to observe nor to concentrate, that is merely dreaminess and that produces no thought, even though it leaves them more or less oblivious of matters that might be worth observing. Dreaminess is usually the indulgence of a mild egotism—an unprofitable form of musing.

LABOR GROWS CONSERVATIVE

NOT so long ago—during and just after the war, in fact—a great many people feared, and some confidently predicted, that American labor was facing toward radicalism, and that the socialists, if not the communists, would straightway be in control of it. Those fears appear to have been without foundation. The radical element among the unions did indeed make more than one hopeful attempt to enlist labor in the movement for social and political revolution, but they all failed. For several years now the prevailing sentiment in the Federation of Labor has been increasingly conservative. Never has the organization spoken out so frankly in support of the political principles that all Americans used to accept, but that modern theorists so often denounce, as in the report of the Executive Council, read to the recent convention at Portland, Oregon. Consider these excerpts:

"Red propaganda has for its purpose the destruction of the trade-union movement and the eventual overthrow of democratic government. . . . It is carried on . . . under the domination and dictation of the Russian communist oligarchy."

"Modern democracy is not without its faults; . . . because of its imperfections great . . . injustices have been practiced. But democracy does give opportunity for the application of remedies and the achievement of every right and good thing."

"The largest freedom of action, the freest play for individual initiative in industry, cannot be had under the shadow of constant and incompetent political interference, meddlesomeness and restriction. . . . The clamor for extension of state regulatory powers under the guise of reform . . . can but lead to greater confusion and more hopeless entanglement."

Now, whether you agree with that kind of political philosophy or not, it is impossible to deny that it is the philosophy of "the Fathers" rather than that of the most vocal of the prophets of this latter day. It is startling to see union labor, which not so

long ago seemed committed to state ownership and to the state management of industry, now declaring emphatically that industry must govern itself and learn by itself to solve those problems with which the politicians wrestle unsuccessfully, and to hear it say, "Our people cannot live and thrive under a régime of bureaucracy."

The swing of labor back to conservatism is important, for it delivers the country not only from the fear of revolution but even from the fear of a revolutionary movement of respectable strength. The Marxists and the Leninists have failed to rush the American workman off his feet. He is not yet ready to exchange democracy and a free industrial field for the tyranny and lifelessness of a theoretical communist bureaucracy.

U. S. S. SHENANDOAH

THE successful trials of the rigid airship ZR-1, more recently christened the Shenandoah, came at a time when the public needed encouragement to restore its faith in its dream of conquering the air.

The heavier-than-air machine has never wholly appealed to the fancy of the man on the ground. He remembers that when the engine stops the plane must come down, often disastrously, and in any event with only slight choice of a place to land. Of course aeroplane engines are now better than they used to be, but even the best of them sometimes stop unexpectedly, and the occupants of the plane are then fortunate if they escape the hazards of landing with a dead motor. Moreover, aeroplanes by their very nature are poorly suited to carrying bulky loads in commercial transportation.

The enthusiasts for airships, however, had painted a rosy picture. The day was not far distant, they said, when huge lighter-than-air dirigibles would be circling the world as commonly as water-borne vessels, and at much greater speed. Staunchly built and capable of carrying large loads, they would be safe, steady and comfortable; they would ride the storm easily, even avoid it altogether by going above it; and they would be handled as easily as a good sail boat. Moreover, they would be comparatively cheap to build, and at least in the passenger service the cost of running them would be less than the cost of transportation by either land or water.

Experience with the Zeppelins before and during the war failed to substantiate those contentions, and since then the appalling accidents that befell the R-38 and the Roma during their trials and the R-34 soon after her successful transatlantic flight made the world doubt that great rigid airships would ever be thoroughly safe. From those disasters public confidence has not yet recovered; but the French airship Dixmude recently made over the Mediterranean and the Sahara a 4,500-mile flight that set a new mark for continuous flying; and the easy flight of the ZR-1 from Lakehurst, New Jersey, to St. Louis and return, although it broke no records, does give hope that a new era in transportation has begun. The ZR-3, now building in Germany for the United States Navy, will, according to the plan, be put into the mail service between New York and London on a two-day schedule.

These airships are primarily war craft and not passenger carriers, but, if they fly as efficiently as their sponsors promise, the commercial airships will not be long in coming. The Shenandoah has, therefore, an important mission. She must assure the sceptical that she can fly safely, especially in bad weather; she must be easy to control; she must make safe landings; she must operate economically; she must indeed justify her beautiful name, which means—and everybody hopes prophetically—"Daughter of the Stars."



CURRENT EVENTS

AS Mexico enters upon its presidential campaign the Oregon administration definitely puts itself behind the candidacy of General Calles. President Oregon is not content to recommend Calles to the voters, but attacks without mercy the other candidate, Señor de la Huerta, whom he accuses of shameless graft and corruption. De la Huerta is a former political friend of President Oregon and was for

several years secretary of finance in his cabinet. Now it is charged that he has misappropriated several millions of dollars that should have been used to pay off the foreign debt of Mexico, and he is accused of keeping on the public payroll great numbers of men whose only duty was to run the De la Huerta political machine. The former secretary of finance is not without active and useful friends, who are very angry over the interference of the government in the campaign; and, since Mexican politicians do not always confine themselves to debating public affairs from the platform, there is a chance that the coming campaign will be fought out with arms as well as with ballots.

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If so, you will want The Companion during 1924. There has never been a year when we could offer so many humorous stories. You cannot afford to miss, for example, Hunt the Tailor and Hunt the Waffle Man, which narrate the absurd attempts of a college boy to earn a little spending money, or Demetrius the Great, the tale of a wonderful athlete who won a meet all by himself. Nor can you afford to miss the Scrooge Stove, the story of an eccentric millionaire and his search for a stove such as stood in his old country home, or Pa Weinert and Auto-Suggestion and the Weinerts Experience Domestic Science—tales of a family of which it is hard to tell whether it is more lovable or laughable.

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You will be doing us a great favor if you will let us enter your renewal in November or early December, for in January comes the great flood of new subscriptions, which of course must be entered at once, and which consequently tax to its utmost the whole clerical force. A renewal blank and some unusually interesting offers that we are making this year to those who renew promptly have been mailed to you. The Companion Home Calendar is a gift to all our renewing subscribers.

PERRY MASON COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

THE enforcement of the Volstead Law is an issue that raises its head wherever public affairs are discussed. At the conference of governors at West Baden, Indiana, there was little talk of anything else. Indeed Governor Parker of Louisiana actually walked out of the meeting hall because he could not get the conference to regard the Ku-Klux Klan as a more important subject for discussion than the prohibitory law. As a body the conference was strongly in favor of a determined attempt to "put teeth" into enforcing the law, and it sent a memorial to the President pledging the governors to his support in any effort to make prohibition really effective everywhere. Two governors, Silzer of New Jersey and Blaine of Wisconsin, were out of sympathy with the memorial and said so. Otherwise the conference was unanimous.

WHILE the governors were debating prohibition the national officers in New York and New Jersey made some important arrests. Eleven men, some of them of good social and political standing, were taken on the charge of having bribed prohibition agents to permit the manufacture of real beer in certain New Jersey breweries and not to interfere with the conversion of industrial alcohol into potable liquor. At the same time a number of places in New York where liquor is reported to have been sold freely were closed by so called "padlock suits" brought by the national officers. It appears certain that—in response perhaps to Governor Pinchot's recent speech—we are to see a more determined effort to enforce the law.

THE tendency of the Protestant denominations to draw together wherever ground for union can be found continues to manifest itself. At the recent meeting of the Council of the Congregational Church at Springfield, Massachusetts, the delegates voted almost unanimously in favor of a union of the Presbyterian and the Congregational churches in the United States according to a plan proposed by a union organization of the two denominations in Cleveland. That plan deals with creeds in this way:

"It shall be understood that both parties retain their authorized formulas of belief.

Either one or both of these shall be accepted as representing the substance of doctrine for that part of the united body that holds it, and shall be recognized as adequate . . . by every other part."

WHEREVER Mr. Lloyd George went in this country and in Canada he found a hearty welcome, and everywhere he spoke to deeply interested audiences. Whatever anyone may think of Mr. Lloyd George's policy during the last years of his premiership, he was a great and striking figure during the war, and he has a winning and stimulating personality that makes it impossible for anyone to be indifferent to him. In his speeches Mr. Lloyd George said little that was striking or unexpected. He did repeat on several occasions his plea for a deeper interest in European affairs among Americans, and he permitted himself to criticize rather sharply the conduct of the French in Germany. As a devout admirer of Abraham Lincoln, he took great pleasure in meeting Mr. Robert Lincoln, the son of the great President, and in visiting both the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln and his tomb.

IT is interesting to learn from the report of the Coal Commission that there is no evidence to connect the high price of coal with exorbitant profits on the part of the retailer. But the Commission does not give the wholesaler so clean a bill. It finds that the wholesalers now take two or three times the profit on every ton of coal that they took before the war. Moreover, the Commission says that there are altogether too many wholesalers, and that it is often the custom to pass a ton of coal through three or four hands between the mines and the retailer—each handler of course taking his separate profit on the way. Such abuses are especially common when there is a real deficiency in the supply of coal, but they are altogether too common at all times.

NOWHERE is the unrest of the German people watched with so hopeful and eager an eye as in Moscow. The soviet leaders are confident that the sufferings of the German nation can result in nothing less than a proletarian revolution, and Zinoviev, the chairman of the Third International, predicts that when the revolt comes it will be a "classical" example of a Marxian revolution. Meanwhile we hear that Moscow is full of Germans who despair of the immediate future in their own country and who are trying to persuade the soviet authorities to favor them with trade concessions of one kind or another.

APPLIED science, particularly in the field of electricity, will suffer grievously in the death of Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz. With the single exception of Mr. Edison he was the most widely known and honored worker in electrical physics in the country. He was a man of deep learning in his chosen field, but he had also what scholars often lack, a positive genius in the application of his knowledge to the problems of industry and everyday life. Throughout his life Dr. Steinmetz had to struggle against the handicap of a frail body, but the amount of work he accomplished would have been prodigious for a man of the most perfect health and strength. Dr. Steinmetz, who was fifty-eight years of age, was born in Breslau in Silesia, but he has lived in the United States since 1889.

THE appointment of an ambassador to Great Britain is always a matter of interest, for by tradition and by the closeness of the relations of the two countries, the post is the most important one that a diplomat can be called on to fill. President Coolidge has selected Mr. Frank Kellogg, formerly senator from Minnesota, to succeed Ambassador Harvey, and the appointment is generally regarded as excellent. Mr. Kellogg is a first-rate speaker, though not an orator in the more ornamental sense; he has had valuable experience in public life, especially on the foreign-affairs committee of the Senate, and he has the presence and the ability to make a strong impression on the British statesmen with whom he must deal. The British government was prompt in signifying its readiness to receive him as our ambassador.



Have you ever watched bear cubs play? They tumble about and wrestle much as healthy boys do.

How to Pin the Other Fellow Down

YOU may be a "regular bear" at wrestling—know all the rules and the holds—but you can't keep your shoulders off the mat unless you're in tiptop shape physically. Speed, skill, strength—all depend on good health.

A good wrestler can't have good health without good teeth. He may be husky looking and all that, but unsound teeth are a drain on health and strength. The fellow who holds the championship usually has fine white healthy teeth.

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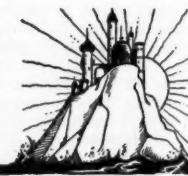
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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



BOB CAT

By Abbie Farwell Brown

BOB CAT was gray and homely, and for a tail he had only a stump. But he lived in a pleasant house on a pleasant farm in the pleasant country. There were many things to do in the woods and fields, and sweet smells all about, especially the smell of catnip in the garden behind the house.

Bob was happy and never minded being homely until one day he spied in the window of a railway train that passed the farm a white kitten with a beautiful fluffy tail. That tail made him envious.

"O dear," he mewed pitifully. "How can I get me a nice plummy tail? I am ugly." "You've got nothing to worry about," laughed Bunny Rabbit, whose tail was even shorter than Bob's.

"Maybe if you went begging some one would give you a tail," suggested Frisky Squirrel, and he waved his own tail proudly.

"That is a good idea," said Bob. "Surely some one may have a tail to spare." So he sleeked his clothes and put on his most winning smile. "Prr, miaow?" he teased. But among all the animals that had tails not one could he find that was willing to give his to him.

"I am too ugly," thought Bob. "No one wants to make an ugly person happy."

"Why don't you steal a tail?" whispered Sly Fox and then sneaked away. He had a beautiful brush, and Bob looked after him wistfully. But Bob was not yet wicked at heart.

Wise Owl hooted at the idea. "If you must have a tail," he said, "don't be a beggar or a thief! Why don't you earn one, little by little?"

"That is the best idea yet," said Bob. "I will go to the city and sell catnip to the city cats. They will pay me in fur, and presently I shall get a fine fluffy tail."

So he picked a good bag of catnip, of strong spicy leaves, the kind that cats like best. Then he sleeked up his coat, and off he started for the city.

"Where are you going?" mumbled Sly Fox, with his mouth full. Bob told him; but Sly Fox sneered. "It's easier to steal than to bargain or beg," he said. "I know. But anyway take care of yourself in the city."

Bob did not answer. Take care of himself indeed! Wasn't he the biggest cat on the farm, and weren't all the creatures of the woods and fields afraid of him, even though he had no tail?

Now when he reached the city it was noisy and dirty, and there were no sweet smells at all. He peddled his wares from house to house wherever he saw a cat sitting in the window. As soon as tabby smelled the fresh spicy smell of Bob's catnip she came purring to the door to bargain with him. His price was always a tuft of fur. And presently instead of catnip the bag was full of soft, warm hair of all colors—white, black and yellow.

"What a fine fluffy tail I shall have!" he thought proudly; and he left many happy cats behind him, running after their tails and acting silly, as catnip-greedy always act.

But on his way home, when Bob was almost out of the city gates, he heard a threatening growl, and before he could get his back up in a safe corner a big black cat fell fiercely upon him and cried, "Give me that catnip."

"It's all sold," wailed Bob. "You'll have to wait."

But out of the alley behind him came scampering four other robber cats of different shades, and they pounced upon Bob's bag of fur. "Here it is!" they howled, fighting one another on account of the lingering smell, scattering the fur about and scratching poor Bob, who tried to defend his property. One among so many, he was glad to escape the robbers and limp home, torn and ruffled.

"I have lost all my day's work," he

VERSE BY
ARTHUR GUTTERMAN



DRAWINGS BY
BENJAMIN

Ambition

*When I was young it seemed to me
That most of all I'd like to be
A Postman going round the town,
An Acrobat, a Circus Clown,
A Fireman,—I'd like that yet,—
A Soldier with a bayonet,
Or big Policeman dressed in blue;
But when I learned to read I knew
I'd rather be a Buccaneer,
A Pirate and a Privateer
With cutlasses and musketoons
And bury chests of gold doubloons,
Or sometimes just an honest Sailor
Especially, perhaps, a Whaler.
But now, when lying still in bed
I think of those of whom I've read
And heard, I'm pretty sure the one
I'd soonest be is Washington;
And anyhow I've always meant
To be elected President.*



mourned. "I'm no nearer getting my nice plummy tail than before."

"You must try again," said Wise Owl when he heard the story. "Put the fur in a tight fresh bag so that they can't smell it."

But Sly Fox said, "Nonsense! Better take my advice and do the stealing yourself."

Bob brooded over the matter for several days. He was ashamed of having failed. He felt that he hated all cats because some had hurt him, but that was unjust. He finally decided to try Sly Fox's wicked advice.

He did not tell Wise Owl or anyone else, but he slunk away with a bag of fresh catnip and with his claws newly sharpened in case he should meet the robber cats again. He avoided alleys and kept to the wide streets where he felt safe. He visited the houses of the tabbies, who were glad enough to welcome him and to give him a tuft of fur for his catnip. But besides that, as soon as each tabby's back was turned, Bob would reach out and claw another tuft.

Then *pouf!* Out of the window he would jump before his victim could even cry "Miaow!" In that way naughty Bob soon had his bag crammed to overflowing, and was chuckling over his success. Then *hi!* something seized him by the back of the neck.

"Here, you! You are the wicked cat who has been stealing the poor pussies' fur," cried the policeman sternly. "Just look at this bag chuck full of every color in the rainbow. You will have to go to prison for this."

Off he dragged Bob to the Cat Show, which is prison; the worst punishment that any cat can have. There is no quiet, and you can't hide; everyone stares in at your cage; strangers poke at you through the bars and say silly things. You can't get out to play and run; there is no catnip; the other cats glare jealously.

Over Bob's cage they put a sign that read: "THE PRIZE WORST CAT. HE STEALS FUR." And everybody who passed exclaimed in horror: "My, my! What a wicked cat!" Bob was unhappy and ashamed. "I will never steal any more!" he promised.

So at last they let him out, but he still had a Cat Show tag round his neck, and he could not loosen it. He sneaked home to the farm with no tail, for the police had taken away all the fur, both that which he had stolen and that which he had fairly bought. Bob had waited until night, hoping that no one would see him and ask questions. But in a tree near the farm sat Wise Owl, who could see even at night.

"Where have you been?" he asked sadly. "In trouble, I fear. What is that strange-looking thing which hangs round your neck?"

Bob hung his head. "It is the prison sign," he said. "I can't ever get it off."

"Cat Show. First Prize for Badness," read Wise Owl. "Well, now you have done it, haven't you?"

"Now no one will ever respect me," wailed Bob.

"It is worse than having no tail. I don't mind that now."

"Yes, it is much worse," said Wise Owl.



DRAWN BY WINIFRED BROMHALL

gravely. "You have been bad. You must show that you are sorry and try to live it down."

"How?" asked Bob humbly.

"Go to the city and tell the tabbies that you are sorry and make each one a present of catnip to pay for the fur you stole."

"No! I will never go to the city again," howled Bob.

"Oh, yes, you must," urged Wise Owl. "It is the only way."

"I should rather stay here without a tail," said Bob.

But on the morrow he started again for the city with a bag of catnip to pay his debts. He had no chance. The tabbies, watching out of the windows, turned their backs as soon as they saw him coming and would not answer the bell. Bob could not even give away his catnip. Even the street cats scampered off when they spied his tag, sneering, "Cat Show! Don't come near us."

Up and down the city Bob padded, calling his wares pitifully, unable to get rid of them. Late in the evening he came to a part of the city that he had never visited before. The houses were big and the windows were big. And there on a window seat of the biggest house sat a little fluffy white kitten, looking out wistfully. When she sniffed catnip she began to purr and looked pleased and raced down to the door when Bob called. She had the most beautiful fur in the world. A ruff stood out all around her neck, and the tail she waved was like a great white ostrich plume.

"Oh!" said Bob with big eyes. "What a beautiful tail you have!"

"Pooh," purred the kitten. "Who cares about tails? I'll give you mine if you like. I'm tired of it."

"Will you really?" mewed Bob, wondering at such generosity.

"Of course," said the kitten. "It doesn't make me happy. It might make you happy if you want it. But what delicious catnip! I wish I could have all I want."

"I will bring you all you want," cried Bob eagerly, "for a present. I don't want any fur."

"But I want to go where catnip grows and pick it myself," said the kitten. "I want to run and play outdoors. I hate the city. They never let me go out—I am so precious. They take me to cat shows because I am precious. See, this is my dreadful tag. It is so uncomfortable." And sure enough, round her neck under her fur on a blue ribbon she wore a tag like Bob's, but hers read: "FIRST PRIZE FOR BEAUTY."

"How cruel," cried Bob indignantly, "to punish you for being beautiful! Don't they love you?"

"They are just proud of me," said the white kitten. "If they really loved me, they would want to make me happy. They would not shut me up without catnip. They would let me run in the woods with good cats like you. For I like you in spite of your tag and your bobtail. You are kind and sorry."

"Thank you," said Bob humbly. "Then I don't care about them myself. Will you come with me and live on the farm where catnip grows?"

"Oh, yes," purred the kitten, "I will, and we shall share everything, fur and catnip and all. And by and by our tags will wear off."

So Bob and the white kitten crept down the big front steps of the big house and went frisking off to the country where there were pleasant fields and pleasant woods and sweet smells of catnip and other things. And there

Suppose!

By May Turner

*Suppose we take the candle and go slowly up the stair,
And when we reach the bedroom door there is no bedroom there,
But just a warm, green meadow with the children at their play,
And something smelling very sweet, like wagon-loads of hay!*

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on the farm they lived happily ever after with Wise Owl for their friend.
But long before that Sly Fox had come to a sudden and deserved end.

FAIRIES LOVE A FARM

By Katharine Sawin Oakes

Fairies love a farm!
I learned that truly years and years ago.
They feel the charm
Of all its nooks and corners, safe to hide in from alarm.

They love the garden, with its bright-belled flowers,

Its sheltering shrubs, its rhubarb tents
Made by small girls of leaves domed into bowers

And spiked to earth with thorns, all tight from showers.

They love the mows.
The jouncing hay that smells so sweet,
They like to lie on it and see the cows,
Stumbling at sunset down the rocky pasture,
stop and browse.

Fairies love grandpas too,
And grandpas and their house
And summer evening suppers; only you
Don't know when they help eat your milk
and berries, but I am sure they do!

They love the corner room
Dusky with twilight balm,
The bed so big and white amid the sleepy gloom,

The open windows, the dark hill abloom with flickering fireflies; fairies love a farm!

A LUCKY CAT NAP

By Daisy D. Stephenson

THE small gray kitten with jade-green eyes and the snow-white breast was very wise. The little folk were going away to a place that they called "Thanksgiving Day." And Kitty Gray was low in her mind for fear that she'd be left behind.

She trailed them about with a mournful purr, but they were too busy to notice her till little Sue, of the soft sweet heart, explained to the kitty 'twas time to start. "I'll be lonesome, dear pussy, away from you." And the kitten wailed, "Me-too! Me-too!"

Of a sudden they thought of a clever scheme. To kitty 'twas better than mice or cream. And she curled up tight like a ball of fluff and went to sleep in Sue's gray muff! How the family laughed at the extra guest,—the small gray kitten with snow-white breast!

"I'm thankful she's here," said dear little Sue. And the wise little cat agreed, "Me-too!"

A DAYLIGHT-SAVING GAME

By Mildred Wasson

At night, when I am safe in bed
And after all my prayers are said
And mother drops the window wide
And puts the light out by my side

And kisses me good night again
And I am all alone, why then
I always shut my eyes and play
At bringing back my happy day.

I start again long hours ago;
Way back to breakfast I can go.

I never tire of being glad
For all the marmalade I had
Or for my hominy and toast.

I don't know which I like the most.
And then I follow me to school,
Like Mary's lamb that broke the rule,
And think of all the things I learned

And sometimes of a star I earned.
Then dinner time I think about
Because I'm anxious to get out,
And coming home is such a lark!

I listen first for Buster's bark,
Then watch for mother at the door.
I make that picture come once more,
For standing there she looks so sweet.

And then I let us go and eat.
Then comes the time I love the best:
I have to take a little rest

While mother reads aloud to me;
And, oh, how sweet her voice can be!

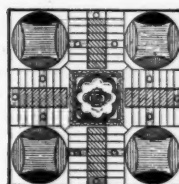
Then out of doors I romp and play
Until the shadows come to stay.

And I begin to feel—as though—
I'd like some bread and milk—and—so
I have my sup-per—and—and—then—
Why, here's the morning come again!



"Hard luck, Dad!"

He hasn't a chance against sister and Bill. Mother and dad have played Parcheesi all their lives—but just look at the score!



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GRAY ROOFS O' GLOUCESTER

By Gordon Malherbe Hillman



There may be lanes in Devon half hid among the downs
And hedges rank with roses in little Breton towns,
But never was so brave a sight since all the world begun
As the gray roofs o' Gloucester a-glimmer in the sun!

The gray roofs o' Gloucester and all the world a-dream,
And every sail a glint of gold upon a scarlet stream,
And wharves and streets a glory as the crimson sun went down
To make a magic city of a little seaport town!

And still will I remember when all the springs are old
And all the sails are tattered and all the winds are cold,
When all the tales are ended and all the yarn is spun,
The gray roofs o' Gloucester a-glimmer in the sun!

THE INFLOWING TIDE

TWO boys were sitting on a high bluff that gave them a wide view of the uneven shores of the Bay of Fundy. The tide was out, and bay and cove, inlet and harbor, were dry shale or muddy silt.

"Sing us a song of the sea, Sandy," suggested the farmer's son, and Sandy, a little immigrant from Scotland, cleared his throat and sang in a sweet boyish tenor:

"It's braw to sit on the shore
And see the ships comin' in."

Sandy had another auditor, of whose presence neither of the boys was aware. "Aye, laddie," said a kindly voice with a broad Scotch burr to it, "but ye are a brave one to sing that song so far from home, and the bay's all empty too!"

"But the tide'll come in, sir, the same as at home," said the Scotch boy.

"Aye, aye, laddie, so it will, so it will. And bless you for your faith! It will come in, the same as at home, and the sea and its power will change all things to life and motion, and the useless boats will become things of use and beauty."

"Did you not think 'tis very like the love of God, lads," he continued. "Sometimes, especially when we're away from home and friends, life and heart seem to get empty and dry. 'Tis so with the big hearts of big men, like the big bay yonder, and with the smaller hearts of boys too, like that little cove and that inlet with its crown of bush, like a boy's rough hair. But see—aye, ye see it? That inrolling tide! It fills them all—all alike, bay and cove, inlet and harbor. The ships quiver and stir in the mud, right themselves and rise to dance with grace upon the buoyant sea—things of power, servants of our noblest ambitions."

"Of his fullness have all we received and grace for grace." We love because the love of God is poured into our hearts. Our hearts are no longer dry; our hopes seem no longer vain, and our good ambitions have power to bring them to pass. 'Tis well to remember, lads, that this power comes from without us—from God, like the tide to the bay; but it comes equally to every open bay and inlet. 'Tis braw to see the ships comin' in, as ye sang; it's also braw to see the ships going out, and that can only be because the tide of God's love fills our empty hearts and makes them things of power. Jesus said 'Without Me ye can do nothing.' But with Him, as with the tide, what?"

"We can sail anything," replied the boys promptly.

A STORY OF A MIRROR

"WELL, I should like to know"—Sarah spoke bitterly—"whether there is such a thing as an ideal friend in the world! I thought I had found one in Laura Rowe, but you heard what Nell Forbes just told me! I don't believe there is such a thing as ideal friendship any more! Do you, Tom, really?"

Tom, who was engrossed in his own difficulties, replied, "Oh, just as much as there's a man who lives up to the ideal in business. I'd heard so much about Mr. Lown, and about the fine things he's always saying down at the Chamber of Commerce, that I thought myself more than lucky to get into his office. Well, they may be a little better there than in some places, but I can tell you that the men in that organization are far from being the ideal business men that I expected them to be."

"You probably feel the way I used to feel about finding an ideal maid," said Aunt Nan, "I worried a lot over my lack of success until a little story that Mrs. Carter told cured me."

"She went out one day to hunt for a washerwoman, for hers hadn't been dependable for weeks. Well, she started to search the negro quarter of town, but she could find no one.

After two hours' vain hunting she became desperate. Finally she met an unusually bright-looking colored girl on the street and stopped her. 'I've been everywhere looking for a laundress,' she said with her most ingratiating smile, 'and I simply can't find a soul, and I'm desperate. Don't you suppose you could suggest a place where I could find one?'

"'Oh, yas'm,' answered the girl briskly, 'I sure kin. You go right home and look in the looking-glass!'

"Why, Aunt Nan!" Sarah's voice was aghast. "What a perfectly terrible story! The impudence of that girl! Will you please tell me how that story could possibly have helped you?"

"By starting me thinking," replied Aunt Nan, smiling. "Doesn't it make you think of anything, either of you? Well, it suggested to me that in these days we've got into the habit of looking outside ourselves too much for help; we don't think enough of the lady in the mirror, who is really the only person that we have the right to depend on. We housekeepers have got to learn to plan and arrange so that the person in the mirror can be an ideal maid without making things too hard for us. Besides, self-reliance is a good thing to learn! Perhaps if I saw an ideal mistress in the looking-glass I might not find such difficulty in seeing the ideal maid outside. Virtually no ideal is ever one-sided, certainly not one that concerns human relationships."

"That means," said Sarah slowly, "that I can't expect to find an ideal friend until I become one myself?"

"Well, of course that would help. But even more it means that we can't demand ideal friendship of other people until we are ready to give it ourselves. In fact, Sarah dear, there is only one person in the world of whom we have the right to demand the ideal in conduct, is there? And she is the one who looks out at us when we look in the mirror."

"And the same holds true of course with the ideal business man," said Tom. "Well, believe me, at that rate it will be some time before you hear me lamenting because I can't find one—not, at least, until I can look in my mirror without encountering a smile of derision."

INDUSTRY IN RUSSIA

VII

MANUFACTURERS who are anxious to open up the Russian market have decided to risk nothing in Russia. Capitalists who are anxious for concessions have nibbled at the bait that M. Krassin had thrown to them, but have never bitten. The only financiers who bite are bogus financiers with no money.

Timber concessions may be taken up and hides may be bought, because timber and hides are easily carried out of the country; but no one is going to install expensive machinery or embark on any work that will not yield an immediate profit. In other words, the tendency is to strip Russia, not to develop her resources.

The reasons are evident. Conditions are unsettled, and terms are not good enough. There is a profound want of confidence in the Soviet Government. What it nationalized once it may nationalize again. Moreover, a new government might not recognize titles. Then there is also the question of the former owners.

Let us take the cotton industry for example. The pre-war cotton industry of Russia employed nine million spindles; now it employs seven and a half millions, but only 5,070,000 are working and they are working at greatly reduced capacity. Although production is thus low, the factories have on hand huge stocks of unsold goods owing to the low purchasing power of the people. As the manufacturers cannot sell their goods, and as they lack capital, they are forced to sell their accumulated stocks of goods far below cost price to speculators in order to find the money wherewith to pay their workmen. That means that the government industrial trusts that are running the factories lose money all the time. In ordinary circumstances that condition would cause bankruptcy, but, as the government is behind the factories, it advances them more money as working capital. When the money is exhausted the trusts apply for more capital, which the government advances in the shape of still more paper money that is pouring in an uninterrupted stream from the printing presses.

Two results follow. The value of the currency is continually lessened, and the burden on the peasant is continually increased, the peasant who, as Carlyle has pointed out in a famous passage, is the only man who has to deal with hard, inexorable realities. The ordinary peasant is therefore becoming more and more discontented, for the tax in kind is sometimes larger than his entire crop! But in Central Russia he can still meet the demands made on him, for more land is under cultivation there than was ever the case before.

The best experts say that at the present rate the Soviet Government will be absolutely penniless in three years; their calculations are based on the amount of the old gold reserve the

Bolsheviks still possess plus the jewelry in their possession. Russia may then become a purely agricultural country; but both Lenin and Trotsky have frequently declared emphatically that such a result would mean the failure of their experiment, which is based on the worker and not on the peasant. The worker is melting away, however, as the Red Army is also melting away, though more slowly.

Thus Lenin's attempt to advance the clock by centuries has put it back by centuries, back to the days of little isolated tinmiths and of coalminers chained together. Workmen are not indeed in material chains now, but they are bound to their pickaxes, their winches and their machines by laws as hard as iron. All the trade union organizations are in the hands of the government, which maintains quite logically that a strike is mutiny.

A DASH OF COLD WATER

IN his Recollections of a Rolling Stone, Mr. Basil Tozer tells the following story about Mark Twain.

On one occasion the humorist gave at the British Embassy in Paris a reading from his works in aid of some charity. The price of admission was a louis, and the hall was crowded with representatives of the American and the British aristocracy resident in Paris. When the reading, which was extremely well received, was over I met Mark coming slowly and pensively along the pavement in the Rue de Rivoli, and when we had talked for a few minutes and I had congratulated him on the afternoon's success I noticed that he seemed to be subdued.

"What is it, Mark?" I said. "You look depressed."

"I am depressed," he replied. "After reading for an hour and getting a lot of money for that charity the criticism I overheard as I was coming out with the crowd was: 'What a beastly American accent that man has!'"

A BEAUTIFUL AZTEC MOSAIC

ONE of the tragedies that accompanied the discovery and the exploitation of the New World by Spain, says Mr. Marshall H. Saville in his book the *Turquoise Mosaic Art of Mexico*, was the summary destruction of the vital and advancing civilization of the Aztecs of Mexico. Their craftsmanship in certain industries was remarkable; in the use of stones and in the making of mosaics they were equal to the best Europeans of the time.

The picture shows a beautiful example of their work in turquoise mosaic. It was found in almost perfect condition in a cave in Mixteca, Mexico. It was probably concealed there at the time of the Spanish conquest. There are nearly fourteen thousand pieces of stone in it; the design is that of a sun disk with eight pointers, and the scene is believed by archaeologists to have reference to the worship of the planet Venus. A figure, probably that of a goddess, is shown plunging downward from the sun, and



An Aztec mosaic made from many pieces of turquoise in a lovely combination of blue tones

about to be received by two human figures. Below is the hieroglyph that means Culhuacan, —a mountain with a curved peak,—which is the name of an important Aztec town. The shield is in the Museum of the American Indian (Heye Foundation) in New York.

BOMBARDING A LIEUTENANT

DURING the war solitary excursions of soldiers in search of adventure didn't usually draw a bombardment and an aeroplane attack at the same time, but one lieutenant who describes in the *American Legion Weekly* an adventure of his own attracted a most unexpected amount of attention.

The major, he says, had remarked the day before that while up near the Meuse River he had seen a fine black cat enter the ruined village of Doulecon, opposite Dun. I had finished a reconnaissance of the hills below the town and was about to return to my horse when I remembered the words. For a moment I hesitated; then I determined to get the cat.

Though I had drawn artillery fire on the hills, Doulecon lay quiet in the morning sunlight. In a few minutes I was in the village, which, by the way, isn't much bigger than a baseball diamond, I walked among the streets, peering here and there into every corner. "Here, pussy, pussy, pussy!" I called.

I came to the river, looked cautiously round and then peered into part of a barn. "Here, pussy, pussy—" I began, when *whizz bang!* an Austrian eighty-eight landed behind me right in the centre of the village.

I dropped beside the barn as another struck the river bank and with a deafening crash sent up a spray of mud and water. Jumping to my feet, I ran down the street as two more shells landed well inside. As I ran I heard a curious sound overhead and, glancing upwards, saw to my consternation a dozen or more Boche planes flying low and singing loud.

"They've seen my silver bars!" I thought, unconsciously magnifying the importance of my rank.

With that I dived into a bush beside the last house. In front was an open field, but I did not dare cross it. Behind me the eighty-eights and a battery of seventy-sevens were ripping plaster and stone into dust and splinters.

Some allied planes appeared, and during the next quarter of an hour they and the Boches continued to manoeuvre and exchange shots directly above me. I wanted to get away, cat or no cat, but, possessed with the idea that at least one of the Boche aviators would turn his machine-gun down once I showed myself, I lay there with my face in the dirt and between bursts thought my own thoughts.

They say black cats are good luck, but that isn't what I said of them half an hour later when I reached my horse. It's all funny enough now, but it wasn't funny then!

"THE ABSENT MAN"

THE Count de Brancas, a Frenchman of some distinction in his day, was more noted for his absent-mindedness than for his abilities. He was the original of Menalcas, the Absent Man of Bruyere, made familiar to English literature in the Spectator.

Once when he was dreamily poring over a book in front of his study fire a nurse ventured into the room, carrying his baby daughter. De Brancas, not deeply interested in his book, held out his arms for the child, took her and played with her. After a short time his mind wandered, but he still continued to cluck and trot-trot half mechanically at the baby's demand when an important visitor was announced. Forgetting that he had exchanged his book for his baby, the untrustworthy parent lightly tossed the incumbrance upon the table as he rose to greet the newcomer. Her outraged howls soon roused him to a realizing sense of his mistake.

Another time he is reported to have handed his inky quill pen to the baby to play with while he vainly tried to dip her rattle into the inkstand and continue his correspondence.

The Duke de la Rochefoucauld once observing De Brancas walking on the other side of the street, crossed over to speak to him. But as he opened his mouth and before he could form a sentence he was anticipated.

"God bless you, poor man," said the count kindly, "but I have nothing for you today."

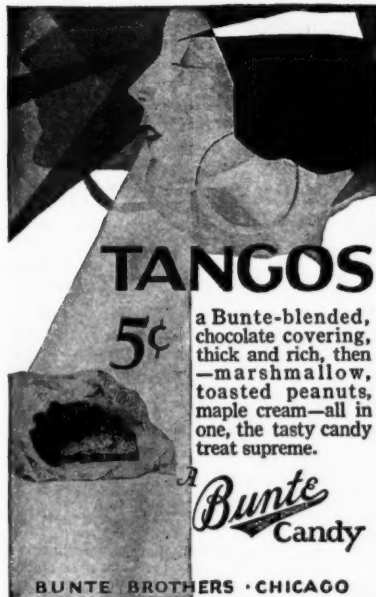
The duke, smiling, made a second attempt; but De Brancas, less good-naturedly, interrupted him again. "Is it not enough," he demanded irritably, "that I have said at once and decidedly that I have nothing for you? Such lazy vagrants as you hinder a gentleman from walking on the streets with any pleasure."

The duke's smile became a laugh loud enough to bring the startled De Brancas to himself; and his astonishment and mortification were great to find that he had mistaken his old friend for a street beggar.

It was the same absent-minded gentleman that was riding one day in the country when his horse fell lame. A kindly villager, observing the trouble, called out to the rider: "Your horse has cast a shoe, sir; but there's a blacksmith round the next turn." De Brancas thanked him and on reaching the smithy dismounted and went in. But others were before him, and while he sat waiting on a stone by the door he fell into a brown study and allowed his horse to wander away, grazing. At last the blacksmith inquired, "Now, sir, what can I do for you?"

"Eh?" said De Brancas vaguely. "You can make me a shoe, my good man. Yes, somebody certainly told me I needed a shoe."

"For a horse, sir?" asked the blacksmith. "That explains it!" said De Brancas, and his face lighted. "There must have been a horse!"



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The bystanders could no longer restrain their laughter. As a small boy led in the missing horse De Brancas waked up enough to join good-naturedly in the merriment.

THE RULING PASSION

SIXTY or seventy years ago the Coburn brothers, Abner and Philander, were among the most enterprising and successful producers of lumber in the great pine woods of Maine. Abner was the business man down in the "settlements," and Philander had charge of the logging up in the woods. Philander was a thorough Yankee, a tireless worker, a shrewd bargainer and a hard-driving, though never an unfair, employer of labor.

On one occasion he was overseeing the start of a drive of logs from somewhere up in the Dead River region. He was thorough as usual and kept a careful eye on everything. One day he went down on the raft beside the boom to inspect some logs that had just come in. In moving about the raft he slipped on a wet log, pitched headlong into the river and was quickly drawn under the logs by the current.

There was no one with him, and almost no one anywhere near by. But it happened that a French Canadian logger at work on the bank saw him disappear. He seized a peavey, rushed down to the raft, fished round under the logs, managed at last to get the hook of his peavey into Mr. Coburn's coat collar and dragged him unconscious and half drowned to the raft. Then he worked over his employer until he had got the water out of his lungs and brought him back to consciousness.

Pale and dripping wet, laboring for breath and weak of limb, Mr. Coburn sat up on the raft and scowled at the Frenchman.

"For sure, Mr. Coburn," said the logger, "it ver' lucky I seen you go in de river. You be drown dead before this if I not see you."

Mr. Coburn regarded his rescuer with disfavor. "That's all right," he growled. "If you had been attending to your work, you wouldn't have seen me!"

The ruling passion! Stronger than gratitude!

A CANINE CAMPAIGN

HOW those two dogs hated cats! It is hard to say which was the better hater—the terrier or the pointer. But perhaps it doesn't matter, for—so we learn from their owner, Mr. W. D. Harrison, who writes of them in Outing—the dogs were able to work together where cats were concerned. At least on one occasion they planned and carried out with success a canine campaign to punish a certain swaggering and altogether objectionable feline.

One morning, says Mr. Harrison, I was sitting on the steps of the back piazza when both dogs came down and stood for a few moments, looking toward the board fence. On the ground in front of it I saw a black cat. The fence was of solid boards four and a half feet high and ran from the stable to the road; beyond the fence was an unimproved pasture.

Evidently the dogs had quickly formed a plan. The terrier apparently as if he had lost all interest in the cat started off leisurely toward the end of the fence and, rounding it, went up through the pasture to a place directly behind the point where the cat was sitting. Meanwhile the pointer sat quite still, looking at the cat until he guessed—or it may be that he had some means of knowing—that the terrier had arrived in position. Then he started on a bee line for the cat, which promptly jumped the fence and landed—or so the noise indicated—on top of the terrier! The pointer followed the cat over the fence, and, though puss eventually got away to the woods, it seems reasonable to believe that she bore some scars to compensate for wounds inflicted on the old terrier, whose nose was sore for a week.

LOOK BEFORE YOU STEP—OR SIT!

"HERE they are, or what's left of them!" said the lady who had entered the optician's office. In her hand, says Mr. Paul A. Meyrowitz in the American Magazine, were three pairs of broken glasses; her rimless spectacles, her eyeglasses and her shell-rimmed reading glasses.

While reading her newspaper, she had dropped some of the sheets on the floor and on top of them had placed her spectacles and her eyeglasses. Presently, being inclined to doze, she took off her reading glasses and laid them beside her in the easy-chair. On awakening she got up to look for her glasses—and walked on those that were on the paper! Then she sat down to ponder what she could possibly have done with her reading glasses. When she remembered she found that she had crushed them, and she didn't have a whole pair of glasses to her name.

SHE HAD KEPT HER YOUTH

A RURAL editor once printed in his "social" column this curious item:
Miss Mabel March, an Albany belle of twenty summers, is visiting her twin brother, aged thirty-two.

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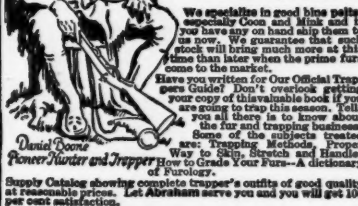
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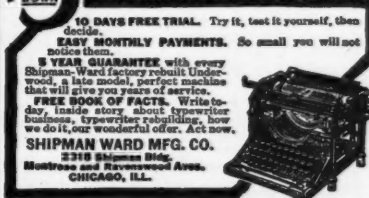
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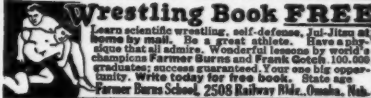
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CONTINUING THE FAMILY PAGE FOR NOVEMBER

a great variety of colors in paper. If you live in a small town, you may be surprised to find that the local job-print office can come to your aid with colored paper used for hand bills, and the printer will cut the paper to the required size on his big paper cutter.

II

Perhaps a dignified tree harmonizes best with the room in which it is to be placed. In that case, try decorating it with candles only, except for a few gayly wrapped gifts among the branches. The candles alone create an air of festivity. The more candles there are the more beautiful is the effect. All red candles are lovely. Light green candles give even greater dignity. If white candles are used, the tree should be sprinkled with artificial snow, otherwise the effect is too deadly white.

If you prefer a gay tree, candles of assorted colors will produce the effect.

III

Tie hard candy in squares of colored tissue paper and hang it from the branches of the tree. Use eight-inch squares of paper and cut a fringe at the edge to the depth of about one inch. Place a piece of candy in the centre and tie the paper round it with thread, but leave an end eight or ten inches long to tie to the tree. The result is a fluffy bit of colored paper that looks like a small chrysanthemum. The real beauty of this decoration depends upon the color scheme that you choose. As tissue paper comes in almost every conceivable shade, many combinations can be arranged; for example, rose, red and purple, or lavender; purple and reddish orange, or light yellow; bright green and turquoise blue. Even the plainer colors, such as red and yellow, are very attractive on the dark green tree; dark green and dark blue should be avoided, because they are ineffective against the color of the tree.

IV

Pine cones covered with metallic paint and hung from the branches are beautiful. The paints come in various forms, some as water colors in round porcelain or tin dishes, others with a turpentine medium, either ready for use or as a powder with a liquid for thinning. You will be able to get at least the kind of gold and silver paint that is used on radiators. Besides that, you may be able to get different shades of gold, bronze, green and blue metallic colors.

After the cones are painted and dry tie bright colored narrow ribbons to them and attach them to the tree either in groups or singly. Candles or electric lights should be used also.

V

This idea can be worked out in two ways, either one of which the children will like.

If you live within shopping distance of a kindergarten supply store, you can buy there a quantity of colored straws and small round papers. String them, alternating straw and paper, and use the strings as festoons on the tree. If you cannot get the straws and papers, color and string macaroni. Break it into one inch pieces or "beads" and color it with water color by making a strong solution of the color desired. You will need from a quarter to half a cup of it. Do not leave the macaroni long in the dye, for the water makes it pasty. Drain the water off and dry the macaroni on paper. As soon as the outside is dry, which is almost immediately, blow through each piece to remove the water from the inside, otherwise the inside will swell and the outside will burst.

The degree of success in the dyeing rests with the kind of paint used. Ordinarily school water colors, especially red and yellow, can be used, but the effect is not so good nor are the colors so bright as can be obtained by using the kind of water colors made for tinting photographs. They come as liquids in bottles or as Japanese water colors on small sheets of paper. The latter are the best of all and can be obtained in almost any color imaginable. One sheet will color quantities of macaroni.

Macaroni can also be painted with the metallic paint that has been suggested for pine cones, but it is better not to break the macaroni into pieces until after it is painted and dry, for it is easier to paint while whole. Chains so made, or made of macaroni mixed with colored beads, are very decorative.

VI

If you have one of the large artificial trees, respect its stiff decorative lines and dress it in a stiff and artificial way. It will look much prettier than it will if you try to make it look like a natural tree. Choose some set color scheme, such as the six colors of the rainbow, beginning with red at the top and ending with purple at the lower branches. Keep the tree stiff and balanced as its branches are stiff and balanced, and it will look its very best.

Here are some suggestions for color schemes:

Rose—red—purple.
Lavender—purple—vermillion.
Turquoise blue and rose.
Turquoise blue—emerald green—vermillion.
Orange and emerald green.
Red—old rose—pink.
Silver and light blue.
Red and gold.

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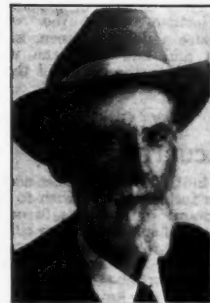
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How To Make This A Merry Christmas



Although he lives in the sparsely settled state of Arizona with a total population of less than one of our larger cities, Mr. George E. Bockoven has earned as much as \$600 in extra money in a single season. He likes to sell Companion subscriptions—has had his paper in his home for nearly sixty years, and knows whereof he speaks.

What thoughts does the coming of Christmas bring to your mind? If you are like many of us, you know exactly what you would like to get for father and mother, for the wife or "hubby," for sister, brother, the children, and others in your circle of relatives and intimate friends. You can almost hear the exclamation of surprise and delight as your gifts are opened on Christmas morning. What real pleasure you would take in doing this! And you could do it, too, if—why, oh why, must that question of "money" always come in?

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SECRETARY, THE WINNERS' CLUB
The Youth's Companion, Boston, Massachusetts

241

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Address.....

Ask any questions you wish about the contents of this page. They will be gladly answered.

The GIRLS' PAGE

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE GIRLS' PAGE, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.



Christmas Greetings

GIFTS that are real gifts should have the personal touch in them. A pen, ink, tracing paper, sepia paper and a printing frame such as amateur photographers use are all you need for making delightful cards that carry a special message from you to your friend. The process is somewhat similar to that of making blueprints.

Suitable designs are shown in the illustrations, and others can be obtained from magazines and old Christmas cards. Simple, flat designs are easier to handle than those with much detail. First, cut from the sheet of tracing paper a piece about the size of the card you wish to make. Place it over the design to be copied and trace the design in waterproof India drawing ink. The black-and-white design must be the reverse of what you want in the finished print; if, for example, you wish a white reindeer on the card, make the figure black in the drawing. Should you wish degrees of shading, use ordinary ink for one shade, since that is thinner and allows some light to penetrate.

Sepia paper for printing can be bought of any photographic supply house. Five by seven inches is a good size, for it cuts to advantage and is therefore cheaper in the end

than the smaller sizes. Using your tracing as a regular negative, make a print in the usual way, then follow the directions for developing that accompany the paper. Some designs are attractive when printed on gray paper, and watercolors can be used afterwards on such prints.

The process is simple, but the possibilities are considerable. New Year's, Easter and birthday and other anniversary cards can be made in this way, and in many places there would be enough demand for them to make it a remunerative business.



DECORATIVE CHRISTMAS DISHES

THE Christmas dinner can derive a real holiday air from side dishes that are dainty in form or pleasing in color, or that in any way suggest the season. The dishes described here are good to eat as well as ornamental.

Star Canapes. Cut bread into star-shaped pieces and toast it. Spread each star with a paste made of pounded liver and mayonnaise and cap it with a small star cut from a pimento.

Cranberry Balls. Cook the cranberries until they are soft, then press them through a sieve until all the pulp has been extracted. Measure the liquid, set it on the fire and bring it to the boiling point. Add an equal amount of sugar and boil it for five minutes. Have soaking in a little cold water one tablespoonful of gelatine for each pint of juice; pour the juice over it and put it into a porcelain dish to harden. Cut the jelly into balls with a potato ball knife and heap them in a glass dish.

Open-House Sandwiches. Mash a can of red salmon to a paste and combine it with minced sour pickles and a little mayonnaise. Spread the mixture on squares of buttered bread and cover each square with another slice from which the centre has been removed. Fill the hole in the upper slice with pimento cheese.

A popular open sandwich for Christmas parties is made by spreading the bread with turkey or chicken paste moistened with mayonnaise. Cut a small hole in the upper slice and fill the opening with a spoonful of cranberry jelly or with a cranberry ball.

Angel Rice. This is a substitute for the heavier plum pudding. Mix plain boiled rice with candied cherries, nuts and a little coconut and press it into cups or individual molds; set the molds in a pan of hot water and steam them until they are heated through. Turn the dessert out on a dish and cover each portion with green bonbons or mint creams. The heat from the rice will melt the bonbons or the creams until they form a delicious sauce.

Flower Cakes. Bake cakes in small gem pans and cover them with green icing. Place a candied cherry in the centre of each and arrange blanched almonds in petal form round it.

Supper Salad. Place a large canned pear in a nest of lettuce strips, cut fine with the scissors. In the centre place a cheese ball with a stuffed olive pressed into the top and heap a ring of dressing round it. To make the dressing mix together one and one-half cups of boiled mayonnaise, one-quarter of a cup of olive oil or melted butter and one-quarter of a cup of thick chili sauce.

Rosette Salad. Heat one pint of the juice from pickled beets and pour it over one tablespoonful of gelatine dissolved in a little cold water. Drain a can of peas, add them to the juice and pour the mixture into cups. When it has stiffened, turn it out and garnish it with lettuce roses, made by rolling a leaf of lettuce tight, tying it with a string until it is firm enough to hold its shape, and then slicing it.

Turkey Noodles. To one egg add a teaspoonful of cold water, a pinch of salt, and flour enough to make a stiff noodle dough that can be handled without stickiness. Roll the dough out paper thin, cut it into small squares, put a spoonful of chopped and seasoned turkey in the centre of each square and

roll it up. Drop the noodles into boiling tomato sauce or thinned tomato soup, cover them and cook them about half an hour. Sprinkle minced parsley and dots of butter over the tops of them, and pour the sauce round them. This is an appetizing way to use left-over turkey or chicken.

Santa Claus Apples. Pare and core small tart apples, fill the centres with sections of bananas and cook them in the syrup of any red fruit, such as cherries, raspberries, plums or strawberries. Remove the apples as soon as they are tender, and while they are still hot cover them with marshmallows. Serve them cold.

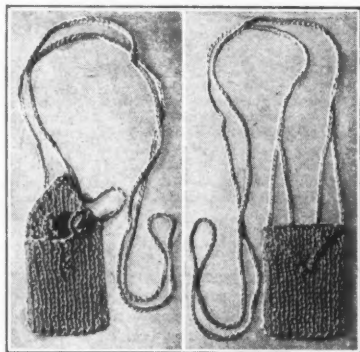
Good Luck Salad. Peel and cut bananas in half, lengthwise. Arrange each portion in the form of a horse shoe on a lettuce leaf, cover it with whipped cream and place a line of candied or maraschino cherries along the top.

Cactus Salad. Place a slice of pineapple on lettuce. Color the whipped cream mayonnaise a delicate green, and mix grated coconut and half a banana with it. Pour the dressing into the centre of the pineapple and cap it with a cherry.

A SECURITY PURSE

THIS small knitted purse is most useful for travelers or for others who wish to keep a surplus amount of money safe on their persons. It is made of soft silk or near-silk yarn, usually of a color to match the traveling costume.

Set up eighteen stitches on coarse sock needles. For the first row knit one and purl one alternately for eighteen stitches. Repeat that



for forty-four rows. Then narrow, by knitting together the first two stitches of every row and the last two stitches. When only four stitches are left, knit the first pair together, then the second pair; turn and knit together the last two and finish off. The point thus made will be the covering flap of the purse.

Double the straight part together, to within one row of the flap. Then, with a crochet needle, join the two sides, beginning at the bottom of one side and working up and pulling the thread through both edges and the loop of the needle at every row. When you reach the top of the side, bring the chain through the outer stitch of the first row before the purse narrows and crochet a chain long enough to go round the neck and hold the purse suspended about waist-high. That will take about two hundred and eighty stitches. Then bring the chain back on the opposite side, reversing the order, pass it through the stitch on the row next to the flap, and crochet the straight edges of that side together, as you did the other, only proceeding from the top to the bottom.

Next make two short chains of sixteen stitches each. Begin the first by attaching the thread to the under edge of the purse, four stitches from the right-hand side. Carry the chain through the flap on the same row as you did in the long chain, but four stitches in from the edge. Attach the chain to the right-hand string at the sixteenth stitch and work it in well for four stitches, drawing the thread through and fastening an inch of it into the string. Do the same on the left-hand side. Finish off all the ends on the wrong side and sew the two parts of a snap fastener to the point of the flap and to the purse underneath the point.

GIFTS FROM THE GARDEN AND WOODS

"DOESN'T it beat all," mused Myra, "what hard work some people make of Christmas! Here's Helen, for example, on her big farm. She made three five-mile trips to town, ordering and getting and sending off this cut-glass dish for Mabel. And here's Mabel in the city, just hungry for some of the good farm things she can't have. When she opened this box from Helen she said:

"It was awfully good of her to send me this. But I can't help thinking how much it must have cost her of time and cash, and how much more I should have appreciated just a sample of some of the good things she has in her cellar. Think of the bushels of potatoes, carrots, cabbages, turnips, onions and apples they have down there! And the lovely butter in her pantry, which costs us at least sixty cents a pound, and fresh eggs we must buy at considerably more than that a dozen! And doesn't it make your mouth water to think of her fruit cellar?"

POP CORN, NUTS AND APPLES

Those who have fields and orchards and woods seldom realize what opportunities they have for making most acceptable Christmas gifts. But if it were possible for them to change places with the city dwellers, they would see why.

One city woman who turned farmer's wife concluded that her chief difficulty in making Christmas gifts lay in choosing from a large variety of supplies what her friends would most enjoy. To one who had a fireplace in her house she sent a peck of pop corn, a popper and a large bag of walnuts, beechnuts and hickory

nuts. To another friend she sent two dozen big red apples. To the girl bachelor who delights in entertaining her friends in her cosy apartment went two pint jars of potted chicken and a dozen glasses of jam made from wild fruit—chokecherries and black cherries, wild black currants, elderberries, wild plums, barberries, wild haws and wild grapes—each glass a reminder of country roads and dells.

A BARREL OF POTATOES

A gift from an old chum of a barrel of potatoes with a Christmas wreath on top and a home-smoked, sugar-cured ham in the middle was a surprise that was greatly appreciated in the home of a woman whose husband is none too well off.

Another friend received a small crate packed with crab-apple and grape jelly, strawberry and cherry preserves and apple butter, each a favorite dish with some member of the family.

A bride received two pint cans each of cherries, strawberries and blackberries, together with a well-ripened homemade fruit cake full of the nuts that she likes best.

To a brother went a gallon keg of sweet, pure country cider, and to another brother who works in a factory in the city went a gallon of maple syrup.

The old college chum who had liked pickles so well received a jar of sweet gherkins and one of sour ones. A small dressed turkey went to one sister, a brace of squabs to another, a six-weeks-old suckling pig to a brother, and a crate of vegetables, including a squash, a cabbage, onions, carrots, beets, turnips and potatoes, to a widowed friend who has a hard time supporting her children alone.

A friend who is very fond of salad received a pretty basket made of sweet grasses and filled with the ingredients of a Waldorf salad—a bottle of homemade salad dressing, a bunch of celery, a head of lettuce, a dozen large apples, and a box of hickory nut meats. A shallow basket made for another friend held a thick, meaty mince pie, wrapped in oiled paper, tied with red ribbon and sealed with Christmas stickers—a gift fit for a king.

From the flower garden you can gather lavender, and when it is dried and powdered make it into dainty sachets to be tucked away among the linens or laces or worn with lingerie. Sweet clover tops from the fields give a delightfully fresh odor to pillows with which they are stuffed, and out in the woods pine needles lie in heaps in some places, ready to be scooped up to fill other pillows. In warm city flats their spicy fragrance brings happy memories of days spent in the woods.

CHRISTMAS GREENS

There is hardly a region of the country where plants and vines for Christmas decorations cannot be found. And Country Cousin, driving through the woods, may view with indifference the bright-colored plants while she racks her brains wondering what on earth she can send her city kin. If Country Cousin only knew it, the makings of beautiful Christmas gifts lie just out of her beaten path. There are ferns, mosses, ground pine, pepper trees, privet, wild smilax, red immortelles, laurel, poinsettia, Oregon grape, white birch bark, spruce, boxwood, bittersweet, rose hips, fir balsam and other plants suitable for Christmas decorations that are just as pretty as holly and mistletoe. Even out on the plains, where almost nothing else grows, there is wild sagebrush, and there are pretty grasses that can be worked into ropes

CONTINUING THE GIRLS' PAGE FOR NOVEMBER

and wreaths; and beautiful effects can be got from them, too, by twining them about stair rails, draping them over doorways and walls and pinning them to white curtains. A roll of red crepe paper, cut into suitable strips, is just as decorative as red ribbon.

Wonderfully beautiful centrepieces, such as city people seldom see, can be made from the treasures of the woods. A tin pan covered with birch bark is a good foundation. A handful of delicately colored sphagnum moss with its tints of green and gold and red and gray, its rosette tips carefully shielded until the moss is in place, goes into the pan first. Then there may be a tiny daintily colored pitcher plant, a few lichens and round the edge a bit of delicate cranberry vine with its rosy berries. Kept in a cool, dark place and occasionally sprinkled, the gift will keep perfectly until Christmas.

HANGING BASKETS

Beautiful hanging baskets can be made from a hollow tree. One woman found a hollow elm about fifteen inches in diameter and had it sawed into eight-inch lengths. The bottoms were round pieces of tin painted brown and nailed to the wood; the hangers were pieces of chain bought at the ten-cent store and securely fastened at the sides. The inside of each basket received a coat of coal-tar paint before it was filled with earth. A small baking-powder can with holes punched in the bottom was embedded in the soil to help keep the plants moist—water poured into it seeps out as it is needed. The chief beauty of the gifts was the plants they held. Only the hardy fern was visible for a few weeks; so when the root of trailing arbutus sent out its fragrant blossoms there was another lovely surprise for the recipients. Violets, hepaticas or spring beauties can be used in the same way and will help to bring the country and spring very near to the city flat. A parsley plant or two is a practical and acceptable addition, for the city homemaker uses only a few leaves at a time for seasoning and garnishing, and when she buys any parsley at all she pays for much more than she needs, and often when she wants it she cannot get it.

PINE CONES

Pine cones on a city hearth are a great treat. A pine log about a foot and a half long and a bag of the cones found their way to a city family one Christmas. Nailed to one end of the log was a shipping tag on which the family was informed that that was to be their yule log, and that in its glorious blaze they were to see all the lovely things the donors were wishing them.

Etching

It is in the

Girls' Page for December

LUNCHES FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

AN invalid mother and her daughter had moved to a bungalow opposite a large school. The girl wished to add to her income in a way that would interest her mother and not tax her own powers too much.

One noon she saw some of the school children dash over to the bakery and the drug store and return with chocolates and cakes that they ate in a corner of the yard. As she watched them do the same thing day after day a plan formed in her mind. Finally she talked with the children, who told her that their mothers were too busy to put up lunches. She learned their names and addresses, called on the mothers and got their permission for her to give a nutritious, inexpensive luncheon in her yard.

The next day the girl placed a round table under a tree in the yard where the children could see it, set the table for eight children and prepared hot chocolate, bread and butter, gingerbread and cookies. At noon she stopped a little girl who was leading the rush to the bakery, asked whether she and her friends would not like to take lunch with her and added that she would not ask them for any more money than they would spend at the store. The scheme appealed to the children; their hostess had to reset the table twice on that first day.

The next day she served soup with crackers, bread and butter, blanchmange and cookies. The following noon there were hash cakes, malted milk and "bunnie" cookies made of oatmeal. A child could have as much or as little as he liked, but if he took a sweet alone he had to pay double for it.

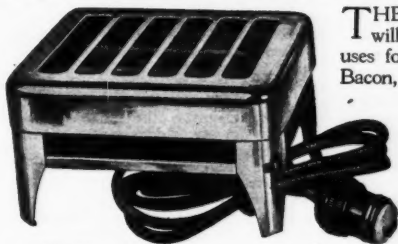
It was not long before two tables were needed, and each was reset every day. The profits were sure and often ran as high as fifty per cent of the cost. The mother was interested in the plan. She suggested a variety of inexpensive dishes and, if one of the children wished to give a birthday party, she made favors.

When the rainy season came, mother and daughter used the front room as a children's cafeteria. The one hot dish was served from the kitchen; the mother sat behind a table where the bread and sweets were placed, and the children helped themselves and paid her.

ATTRACTIVE AWARDS

Given for
New and Renewal Subscriptions

COMPANION ELECTRIC STOVE



THE housewife will find many uses for this stove: Bacon, eggs, griddle cakes, steaks and chops can be cooked as readily as fudge, taffy or candy.



Tea or coffee may be made, and bread may be quickly toasted just the right degree of crispness. For the single man or woman, it is just the thing for cooking one's own breakfast.

No matter where this stove is used, it has its advantages. There is no soot, dirt, flame, fire, danger or odor. With the switching on of the electric current, the stove is ready for its many uses.

The stove is made of cold rolled steel nickel plated and polished, and except in the assembly of the heating element, is put together without the use of bolts or screws. Our offer includes a plug with cord attached, ready for instant use. The top is 6 x 5 1/4 inches.

We supply the stove for 110-volt current only.

Note: The stove will not operate on current supplied by farm lighting plants.

OUR OFFER: The Electric Stove will be sent with a year's subscription for The Youth's Companion for only 75 cents extra (\$3.25 in all); or the stove will be given free for two subscriptions, new or renewal, at \$2.50 each. The price of the stove if purchased separately is \$1.65.

Our offer includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

HOMELAND

By Margaret Hill McCarter

MARGARET HILL McCARTER won a place among the brilliant wholesome writers of the new century. She had written good stories before, and she has written several captivating stories since, but *Homeland* presents Mrs. McCarter at her best. She has written a genuine love story with a purpose.



It is wholesome as well as fascinating. The characters are strong in their various functionings. The hero is masterful even when he treads the ledge on the world's very edge of social danger; and the tempter is masterful and the real triumph of the story is in the conquest of manliness over the charms of a marvelously beautiful and brainy woman who played her game so well that only the noblest manhood could have triumphed. The high art of the story is the inspiration it gives to a young man to prize the power that triumphs in the cause of virtue.

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"PALCO" ALUMINUM HOT-WATER BOTTLE

THE "Palco" Hot-Water Bottle is made of hard sheet aluminum, a metal that is quick to receive and retain heat, and will stay hot for a period of twelve hours, thus doing away with the necessity of refilling during the night. The "Palco" Bottle is practically indestructible. It never leaks. It cannot be punctured by careless handling. It is guaranteed for five years and will last a lifetime.

It has scores of different uses in the house, the sick room, the hospital. Congestive conditions of the body, chills and pain are often relieved through the application of a hot-water bottle. This fact has become so well known that every family should have at least one bottle ready for any emergency. Every woman will appreciate such a useful gift, as no household is complete without one. A soft flannel bag is furnished with each bottle. Capacity 2 pints. We call particular attention to our very favorable Premium Offer.

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Our offer includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.



THE "OLD SQUIRE" STORIES

By C. A. Stephens

- VOL. I. WHEN LIFE WAS YOUNG
VOL. II. A GREAT YEAR OF OUR LIVES
VOL. III. A BUSY YEAR AT THE OLD SQUIRES



WHO does not like to think back to "those other days"? No writer can carry his reader back as can C. A. Stephens. Not to have read his "Old Squire" Stories is to have missed walking down the old road amid the scenes that knew you as a child.

Each book contains more than twenty-five of the author's inimitable tales of life on the Old Squire's farm, and describes in detail, and with many fresh incidents, that hearty, wholesome, merry home life at the old farm in Maine that for a number of years has been such an interesting feature of The Youth's Companion's story department.

It is no slight service to the readers of the present generation to show them thus vividly what the conditions were in this country in the years just after the Civil War, and how their parents lived when life was simpler than it is now. It is also worth while to let them see what real education is, and how to get it; and to offer them both services in the form of a fascinatingly entertaining narrative is an opportunity that does not occur every day. The great woods come down very close to the old farm, and adventure constantly beckons. Those who follow Addison and Halstead and "Doad" will not be disappointed.

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The Youth's Companion, Boston, Massachusetts
881 Commonwealth Avenue

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about the contents of this page.
They will be gladly answered.

The BOYS' PAGE

Address your letters to THE
EDITOR OF THE BOYS' PAGE, THE
YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.



BASKETBALL

Shooting, Dribbling and Defensive Formations

THE beginner in basketball should know that there are three methods of shooting for the basket. Two of them are most commonly practiced, with varying success; the third is more difficult to learn but much surer than the others.

THE THREE SHOTS

The push shot is the method generally practiced by beginners and even by those who have had experience in handling a basketball. It consists in pushing the ball from the chest with both hands in the direction of the basket. In most cases the ball travels in a nearly straight line and has but a slim chance of going into the basket. It may pass under the basket or may hit the rim or may strike the back board and bounce back into the field of play. If the momentum with which the ball is pushed forward ceases at the exact moment the ball is over the basket, the ball will drop in and a score will result. Also, if the momentum is just enough for the ball to strike the back board gently it will sometimes fall back into the basket. But the chances for success with this shot are poor.

The loop shot can be made in two ways. The player either holds the ball close to his chest and then pushes it forward and up so that the ball describes an arc or loop or holds it at the height of his knees or even lower and projects it towards the basket with a toss that makes it describe a loop as in the previous case. If the player has a practiced eye and is a good judge of distance, this shot often results in a score. It is the most common shot used in basketball; where there is no back board it is also the best shot.

The twist shot is the most effective shot in basketball, but, being also the most difficult, is the least often used. Probably only one player in fifty can use it properly. The ball is held firmly between the two hands, with the thumbs at right angles to the body. The ball is not pushed forward but acquires its impetus from a twist of the wrist and the fingers. By means of this twist the ball as it speeds towards the back board has a reverse motion similar to that known in billiards as "English." In other words, as soon as the ball hits the back board—and incidentally it is almost always a back board shot—instead of bouncing straight back into the field of play the ball shoots straight down into the basket itself. The frequency with which this shot scores is remarkable. Whether the shot is made from the left or the right of the basket or in front, the chances are good for a score so long as the ball hits the back board somewhere behind the basket itself. To learn to make the shot requires considerable practice, but when a player once gets the knack of it he will find it well worth the effort it has cost him.

DRIBBLING

Dribbling should be resorted to only under two conditions and should never be used aimlessly or merely to take up time. When a player has a clear field to the basket but is at a distance that makes a sure shot doubtful he is justified in dribbling as near to the basket as possible and then making his shot. If, however,

there is a player of his own team free near the basket before he starts his dribble, he should at once pass to him and forego the dribble. That is a fundamental rule in basketball, based on the fact that a pass is quick and sure and the easiest way to advance the ball, whereas a dribble is slower and more easily stopped.

The second condition of play under which a dribble is permissible is when the intention is to pass to a fellow player who has worked loose from his opponent. Presumably at the start of this play every man on the side of the player who is making the dribble is covered except the dribbler himself. As the player starts dribbling some one on his side will suddenly rush to a place near the basket and there receive a pass. That also holds true when an opposing team plays a five-man defense and it becomes necessary to break through that defense.

Often a man will find it desirable to take one dribble and then shoot for the basket. If he makes the dribble or bounce correctly, he will gain a distance of approximately six feet.

On the ordinary dribble the ball should be started from approximately the height of the waist and should be bounced rapidly and directed with a vigorous pat of the hand. A right-handed person will almost always use his right hand in bouncing and directing the ball and a left-handed person the left hand. The ball should never be allowed to bounce too high, for that retards the speed of the dribble, but should be kept at a height from the floor equal to the height between the knees and the waist. Most beginners over-run their dribble; that is, they dribble too long before shooting or passing, and the value of the dribble is lessened. It is always better to stop too soon and consequently try a long shot or a pass than to keep on too far and then be forced to make a hasty jab at the basket or an ill-timed pass.

On a single dribble or bounce the ball should be thrown forward and down with a reverse twist. That will make it bounce straight up and hang for a moment in the air, thus enabling the man who made the dribble to pick the ball out of the air at approximately the right height to start his shot for the basket. Practice will enable a player to time the single dribble to perfection.

DEFENSIVE FORMATIONS

In what we may call the first formation the team uses only four men to advance the ball and stations one man in a fixed place near his own basket. This player is supposed to break up any threatening attack of his opponents that reaches his zone of defense. He can often do that if one man alone is advancing the ball, but the weakness of his defense becomes apparent when two or more men come down the

floor passing the ball between them. The common result is, that as the lone defense man advances to cover one opponent the ball is passed to another, who then shoots. It may be said in its favor, however, that the one-man defense provides a rest for other members of the team, who may change places with the man that remains near his basket, and it also enables a team to keep four men on offense work entirely.

A second and better formation is to keep one man back near his basket and to have another never go beyond the middle of the floor. The second man, however, can advance the ball considerably, and he is always in a position to drop back when the other side gets possession of the ball, and so to form a two-man defense for his team.

A third defensive formation is that in which three men assume certain positions whenever the opposing team gets the ball. The three are generally the centre and the two guards, who form a triangle in their own territory with the centre as the apex. As the other side advances down the floor the centre goes forward to cover the man with the ball and forces him to pass. The two men in the rear are then in a position to intercept any further advancing of the ball. The centre or apex man in this formation is approximately thirty feet from his own basket and the two other men are about fifteen feet from it.

A fourth formation, and one that many of the collegiate teams in the East used last year, consists of a five-man defense. The entire team simply drops back to the territory between their own basket and the middle of the floor and form two lines across the floor of two and three men respectively. That affords an almost impenetrable defense, and there seem to be only two ways of defeating it. One is by long-range shooting, which, unless remarkably accurate, is unsuccessful, and the other is by having two or more men dash down the floor in different directions with the hope that one of them can get a long pass and a quick shot at the basket.

INVISIBLE INK

THE use of invisible ink often helps a game or entertainment when it is necessary to write a message or to tell a fortune that for the time being should remain concealed. A simple method is to make a starch ink by boiling two teaspoonfuls of rice in a cup of water. This ink, when applied with a new pen on unglazed white paper, becomes invisible as the writing dries. To make the writing reappear in a bright violet color, dip a swab in tincture of iodine and brush it carefully over the letters. Another method is to use lemon juice for ink and when it is dry and invisible to make it

reappear in dark brown by warming the paper.

Somewhat different in its properties is an ink made from a teaspoonful of linseed oil and twenty teaspoonfuls of ammonia. Put the mixture into a bottle and shake it well every minute or so while you are using it. Writing made with this ink is also invisible when dry but can be made to reappear by dipping the paper into water. The writing will disappear again as the paper dries and can be made to appear and disappear almost indefinitely. Keep the ink in a tightly corked bottle for future use.

More spectacular and to the uninitiated more mysterious is an ink made by dissolving three teaspoonfuls of saltpetre (chemically known as potassium nitrate) in a cup of warm water. Paper impregnated with this solution is the kind used for touch papers attached to some fireworks and burns with a glow rather than with a flame. Select some rather thin white paper such as is commonly used for carbon copies in typewriting, write the message with a broad pen or a fine brush, being careful to join all the letters together to preserve a trail. Then when the writing is quite dry, a spark applied to the writing will run from end to end of it. Do not touch a match to the paper itself, for that would set the sheet in flame. Rather prepare as lighters several strips of heavy paper that you have soaked in the solution and dried out. Let one of these mark the way to the beginning of the writing.

PROGRESS IS RELATIVE

THREE boys who wished to begin the study of the violin at the same time made arrangements with their teacher to have a lesson together every Saturday. In that way their instruction would cost less and they would have the pleasure of one another's company. At the end of two weeks, since each boy had practiced faithfully, their standings were about equal. The third Saturday one of the boys was sorry that some other matters had kept him from practicing and in a confident manner tried to assure his teacher and the two other boys that he would make up that one lost week.

"Ah," said his teacher, "you say you will make up one lost week. Bear in mind the other boys have not stood still but have progressed one week. And what about your own standing? Is it what it was last Saturday, or has it fallen?"

The boy began to realize for the first time that standing still is impossible. It dawned upon him that he must measure his progress with life, and that life itself does not stand still. When a man goes ahead and another falls back the difference is twofold.

STENCILING SIGNS

A BOY or a girl with some artistic ability and a little business initiative can make a considerable amount of money by stenciling signs. Nearly every sort of business needs special cardboard signs from time to time, as do clubs, lodges and church organizations. You can get the cut stencils at an art store, often at a paint shop, but it is not difficult with a stencil knife to cut your own stencils in large and small letters, if you wish to have some unusual designs.

THE GAME OF CHECKERS

The Glasgow

Reference board, showing how the squares are numbered.

White							
32	31	30	29				
28	27	26	25				
24	23	22	21				
20	19	18	17				
16	15	14	13				
12	11	10	9				
8	7	6	5				
4	3	2	1				

Black

THE game of checkers, or draughts as it is called in Great Britain, was early popular in Scotland and in Glasgow particularly. A hundred years ago the leading Scottish players gave the pastime rules, forms and regulations and provided names for the different openings. A favorite opening with some of the Glasgow players was the one that Mr. James Sinclair of that city played against Mr. Andrew Anderson, the champion, at their match in Hamilton in 1828. Following are the moves:

11-15 c28-24 8-11 22-18 6-15
23-19 7-16 26-23 15-22 13-6
8-11 24-20 19-26 24-19 1-10
22-17 16-19 30-23 11-15 12-8
a11-16 25-22 7-10 19-12 15-19
24-20 4-8 32-28 22-26 6-3
16-23 29-25 9-14 31-22 19-23
27-11 (1)10-15 25-21 15-18 3-7
7-16 17-13 5-9 22-15 10-15
20-11 d2-7 28-24 10-26 7-10
63-7 21-17 12-16 17-10 15-19 Draw

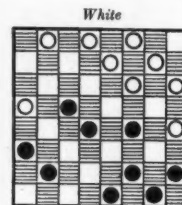
a—This move makes the Glasgow. Some players make it by moving 9-14 instead of 11-16. White replies with 25-22, and then comes 11-16, and you have the opening. It is a favorite with most players, and some very fine plays are possible on both sides. It can be regarded as a safe opening to adopt.

b—The student can with safety play 3-8 here instead of the text, thus:

3-8, 11-7, 2-11, 28-24, 11-15, 24-20, 15-19, 25-22, 12-16, 20-11, 8-15, 26-23, 19-26, 30-23, 9-14, 31-26, 5-9, 17-13, 4-8, 32-28, 8-12, 23-19, 15-24, 28-19, 10-15, Draw.

c—The student should never throw the piece 11-8, because it would lead to a weak ending for the white side.

d—The novice would naturally move 9-14 here and not realize the danger, but it loses as the diagram shows.



White to move and win. 20-16, 2-7, 22-18, 14-23, 25-22, 15-18, 22-15, 23-27, 32-23, 19-24, 30-25, 12-19, 23-16, 24-27, 31-24, 6-9, 13-6, 1-28, 16-12, 8-11, 12-8, 11-16, 8-3, 7-11, 3-8, White wins.

VARIATION OFF TRUNK (1)

9-14, c22-18, 14-23, 17-14, 10-17, 21-14, f2-7, 31-27, 6-10, 27-18, 10-17, 25-21, 1-6, 21-14, 6-10, 30-25, 10-17, 25-21, 19-23, 26-19, 17-22, 19-15, 22-26, 18-14, 26-31, 15-10, 5-9, 10-3, 9-18, 21-17, 18-22, 17-14, 22-26, 20-16, 12-19, 3-12, 26-30, 12-16, Draw.

e—The student will notice that white goes a man down, so that he can get what is known as position. It is perfectly safe, has figured in many a match for the World championship and has now become known as "Martins' Rest" after Roberts Martins, who first introduced it in important play about forty years ago.

f—Instead of black moving 2-7 he can vary here and still get a good game, thus:

6-9, 14-10, 9-14, 25-22, 5-9, 20-16, 1-5, 10-6, 9-13, 16-11, 8-15, 31-27, 2-9, 27-11, 14-17, 11-7, 19-23, Draw.

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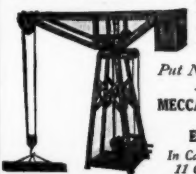
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CONTINUING THE BOYS' PAGE FOR NOVEMBER

The success of this business like any other depends upon the market you have for your product. You will need to canvass the merchants of your town, showing them samples of your work and being ready with suggestions how your signs will be of use to them in selling their wares.

One boy in a western town who made a success of this undertaking sometimes even planned a selling campaign for the merchant. For example, he planned a way to sell corks. He got out some clever small signs with various uses for corks printed on them and had one large sign for the centre of his proposed window display, which read: "We Are Having a Corking Time." He persuaded the merchant to pack in paper bags a certain number of various-sized corks that could be sold for a certain amount and to devote space in his window to the display. As a result the merchant sold more corks in one week than he had sold in all his previous trading.

The boy also made friends with the window dressers of the town; he learned ahead their ideas for future windows, the color scheme and the goods to be sold, and then he would turn out a sample sign suitable for such a window. He usually sold his sign and others besides.

Mottos and catch phrases sell well; so do club announcements and of course the usual run of price signs that a merchant uses regularly and must renew frequently. Learn about the different grades of paper, cardboard and colored sheets; know just what it will cost you in time and material to turn out any kind of sign and be ready to quote a price that will compare favorably with those of any competitor. The boy referred to above made a dollar an hour from his work.

SOME MATHEMATICAL PUZZLES

THE issue of The Companion for January 11, 1923, contains some curious geometrical problems that led a correspondent to call attention to other mensuration problems that give curious results. How is it, for example, that a triangle of a certain perimeter can be smaller in area than a triangle of a smaller perimeter?

The rough diagrams below illustrate the problem.

No.1	No.2	No.3	No.4	No.5
Triangle No. 1.	Perimeter 15	Area 10.825		
"	"	"	12	
"	3	"	17	12.497
"	4	"	18	12
"	5	"	19	9.8075

Another curious fact is that the surface of a grindstone can be increased by grinding away some of it. Take a grindstone six inches thick with a diameter of thirty inches and a four-inch hole through it, and you will find that its total surface—outer rim, sides and the inner surface of the hole—is 2029.47 square inches. But grind away the surface of the hole until its diameter is six inches, and the total surface increases to 2035.75 square inches. The more you grind out the hole the more surface you get!

THE TRUMPET

The series of articles on musical instruments that have from time to time appeared on the Department Pages is continued in this number with the paper on the trumpet.

THE trumpet, the highest in pitch of all the brass instruments, is the leader of the brass choir and in the band takes the place that the violin occupies in the orchestra.

Found in nearly every country on the globe, the trumpet is one of the oldest of instruments, and none has had a more distinguished history. Carved on the stone chronicles of Nineveh and Egypt, celebrated in Biblical history in the miraculous destruction of the walls of Jericho, used by the Greeks and the Romans, the trumpet has been associated with events that have changed the destinies of nations. It reached its height of favor in the Middle Ages, when chivalry flourished and heralds used it to acclaim the victor in tournaments. Later still the trumpet became the prerogative of royalty and announced the coming of kings.

The dramatic history of the trumpet naturally led to its use in opera, especially in operas that have a medieval subject. It is also a favorite instrument in oratorio, where duets of voice and trumpet have been scored to display the resources of the instrument.

It developed from the open tube of earliest times into a complicated instrument with valves, which overcame the defects of its scale. The tube of the trumpet, which is between seven and eight feet long, is cylindrical until it reaches the bell, which forms perhaps a fourth of the entire length, and which flares until it is between four and five inches in diameter. The tube is doubled twice upon itself in U-shaped curves, so that the cup-shaped mouthpiece extends about two inches beyond the upper end of the longest curve, and the bell about four inches below the lower end. In all, the instrument is about

twenty-one inches long. The trumpet has three pistons, or valves, six inches deep, that lie just below the upper third of its length and constitute its widest part. When the pistons are depressed they close different parts of the tube and so vary the length of the air column. Not long ago the trumpet was made with "crooks," detachable curves that were inserted to lengthen the tube and to change the key of the instrument. It is now usually made with a tuning slide at the lower end of the large curve, which is pushed out to change the key from B-flat, the natural key of the trumpet, to A. A later improvement is adding a curved section that may be opened by turning a "key." The trumpet has a "mute" of metal, leather or papier-mâché.

The player grasps the pistons in his left hand and, holding the trumpet in a horizontal position, slips the little finger of the right hand under a hook near the edge of the lowest piston, places his thumb on the first piston or between the first and second pistons and then presses his lips against the rim of the mouthpiece. He starts the production of tone by "tonguing"; that is, by thrusting the tip of the tongue forward against the upper front teeth, and then drawing it quickly and forcibly back. This movement starts the vibration of air in the tube, and the tone is sustained by the pressure of the breath. Some notes are produced with the tube open, others by the use of the pistons, for which the player uses the first, second and third fingers of the right hand. Changes of tone are produced by means of these combinations and by slight changes in the pressure of the lips. Seven combinations of the pistons are possible.

The notes of the harmonic series are built on the second overtone of a deep series. This gives an "epic" quality to the tone of the trumpet, and a noble and brilliant tone color that lends itself to the expression of lofty sentiments, of tragic events and of martial glory. The tone is full and round, and so powerful and penetrating that a single note of the trumpet can readily be heard in passages for the full orchestra.

The trumpet is used to play chords, to add climax color to the brass choir and to help to get mass effects of the orchestra. The modern trumpet is a flexible instrument, capable of rapid passages, trills and other musical figures. In the band brilliant cadenzas are often assigned to it. The compass of the instrument is between two and three octaves and is at its best in the middle register. Music for the trumpet is written in the treble clef, and in the C notation.

The trumpet weighs only between two and three pounds, and playing it does not especially tax the strength. Many girls play it successfully and enjoy being able to take it anywhere. In engraved brass with inlaid pearl finger tips it is a beautiful and graceful instrument. It may be plated with silver or with gold. A new instrument in brass costs between sixty and seventy dollars.

The trumpet family includes the tenor and the bass trombone. Four trumpets in B-flat are used in the orchestra and one bass trumpet. The full quartet of the family is made up of the trumpet and of three tenor trombones, which play music written for tenor, alto and bass parts.

Though the trumpet is the solo instrument of the brasses, its use as a solo instrument is limited by the necessity of resting the lips. It may be used in duets with the piano or with the trombone, but its chief use is in band or in orchestra.

The first requirement of the trumpet player is a good ear, for he needs to hear the note in his mind in order to play it in tune. Free movement of the tongue is essential. Normal lips and teeth are desirable, but, if they are defective, the difficulty may be overcome by having a mouthpiece made from a cast that shows the defects.

The chief difficulty of the player is making the "attack." As a rule the player does not pay sufficient attention to managing his breath and to producing the tone that is sent into the instrument. Such training should be as careful as that of a singer.

The muscles of the lips need slow and careful training. Even a skillful player should be careful not to practice too long at a time, because constant pressure of the lips against the mouthpiece may result in injury. For that reason music written for the trumpet contains many rests. All knowledge of music that the player can bring to the study of the trumpet is of value. The instrument will bear years of study and practice, but the necessary knowledge can be acquired without previous musical training, and two years of good work may fit an apt pupil to enter a small band or orchestra.

Solution of the Double-Shift Puzzle in the Boys' Page for October

Place two fingers on 4 and 8, pull them down and to the right and up next to 3. Take 7 and 1 to the left and place them between 6 and 2. Put 3 and 4 between 2 and 5. Last push 6 and 7 between 5 and 8.

Reverse. Take 6 and 7 and place them to the left of 1, put 3 and 4 between 5 and 8, slip 7 and 1 between 2 and 5, then 4 and 8 between 6 and 2, and you will have the original arrangement.



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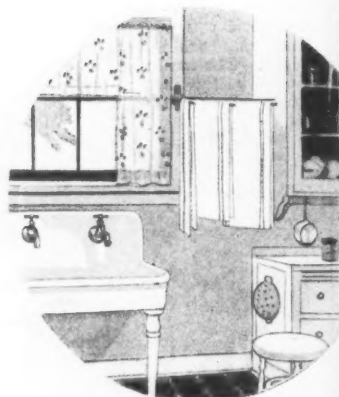
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"Not quite white" clothes are a compromise with one's standards of perfection, and a wholly unnecessary compromise.

You should select the soap

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